



BOAT SONG.

"Ere the sun, parterque insurge rema."
Bend on your oars—for the sky it is dark,
And the wind it is rising apace!
For the waves they are white with their crests all so bright,
And they strive as if running a race.
Tug on your oars—for the day's on the wane,
And the twilight is deepening fast;
For the clouds in the sky show the hurricane nigh,
As they flee from the face of the blast.
Stretch on your oars—for the sun it is down,
And the waves are like lions in play;
The stars they are fled and no moon is overhead,
Or to point or to cheer our lone way.
Rise on your oars—let the bright star of hope
Be seen and the tempest's wild roar;
And cheer, lad! for we, who were born on the sea,
Have weathered such tempests before.
Rest on your oars—for the haven is won,
And the tempest may buster till morn;
For the boat and the brave are now free from the wave,
Where they late roamed so lonely and lone.

THE BOXING QUAKER.

HOW HE BROUGHT JIM BLANDER TO TERMS.

THERE lived in a certain neighborhood not far distant from here, a roystering, rowdy bully, Jim Blander. Jim was "sum" in a fight, a kind of pugilistic Napoleon. Many and bloody were the affairs he had had in his lifetime, and had invariably come off best. Jim not only considered himself invulnerable, but all the fighting characters in the surrounding country conceded it was no use in fighting Jim, as he was considered to be a patent thrashing machine that could not be improved on. In Jim's neighborhood had settled quite a number of Quakers. From some cause or other, Jim hated the "shad-bellies," as he called them, with his entire heart; he often declared that to whip one of these inoffensive people would be the crowning glory of his life. For years Jim waited for a pretext. One of Jim's chums heard a young Quaker speak in disparaging terms of him. The report soon came to Jim's ears, not a little magnified. Jim made desperate threats what he was going to do with Nathan, the meek follower of Penn, at sight—b-sides various bruises and contusions he meant to inflict on Nathan's body; in his chaste language, he meant to gouge out both his eyes, and chew off both his ears.

Nathan heard of Jim's threats, and very properly kept out of his way, hoping that time would modify Jim's anger. It seems however, this much to be desired result did not take place. One day friend Nathan was out riding, and in passing through a long lane, when about midway, he espied Jim entering the other end. Nathan might have turned and fled, but his flesh rebelled at this proceeding. "I will pursue my way peaceably," said the Quaker, "and I hope the better sense of the man of wrath will not permit him to molest me, or allow him to do violence to my person." Nathan's calculations as to the lamb-like qualities of his adversary were doomed to be disappointed.

"O ho!" thought the bully, as he recognized Nathan, "I have him at last. Now I'll make mince-meat of shad-belly. I will salt and pickle him too!"

"Wilt thou please to dismount from thy horse?" said Jim, seizing the bridle of Nathan's horse, and mimicking his style, "my soul yearns above all things to give thee the biggest manling ever man received."

"Friend James," replied Nathan, "thou must not molest me, but let me go on my way in peace. Thy better judgment will surely tell thee that thou cannot possibly be benefited by personally injuring me."

"Get down in a moment!" thundered Jim; "get down, you canting, lying mischievous fellow, cowardly hypocrite. I'll drag you down if you don't dismount."

"Friend James," remonstrated against thy proceedings and against thy language," replied Nathan. "My religion teaches me sincerity—I am neither a liar, a mischief-maker, nor a hypocrite; I am no coward, but a man of peace; I desire to pursue my way quietly—let me pass on."

"Get down," persisted Jim, "down with you—I want to beat some of your conceit out of you—I must give you a flogging before I leave you. I think by the time I'm through with you, you'll pass for a tolerably decent man; I'll teach you in a short and easy lesson, the importance of minding your own affairs, and the risk you run in slandering your neighbors."

"I will not dismount," said Nathan firmly; "loosen thy hold from the bridle."

"You won't, won't you?" said Jim, "then here goes," and he made a desperate plunge to collar the Quaker.

Nathan was on his feet in an instant, on the opposite side of the horse. The Quaker, although of much smaller proportions than his persecutor, was all sinew and muscle, and his well-knit form denoted both activity and strength. His wrath was evidently kindled.

"Friend James," he implored, "thy pertinacious persistence in persecuting me is annoying; thou must desist, or peradventure I may so far forget myself as to do thee bodily harm."

"By snakes!" said Jim, coming towards Nathan, "I believe there is fight enough in broad brim to make the affair interesting. I wish some of the boys were here to see the fun. Now, friend Nathan, I am going to knock off the end of your nose; look out!"

Suiting the action to the word Jim, after various pugilistic gyrations with his fist, made a scientific blow at the nasal formation of our Quaker friend; but Tom Hyer could not more scientifically have warned it off.

Jim was evidently disconcerted at the ill success of his first attempt; he saw he had undertaken quite as much as he was likely to accomplish. Jim, however, straightened himself out, and approached Nathan more cautiously. The contest began again. Nathan stood his

ground firmly, and warded off the shower of blows skillfully, that Jim aimed at him.

"Friend James," said Nathan, in the heat of the contest, "this is mere child's play. It grieves me that thou hast forced me into resistance, but I must defend myself from bodily harm. I see there is but one way to bring this scandalous affair to a close, and that is by conquering thee; in order to do this, I will inflict a heavy blow between thine eyes, which will prostrate thee." Following out this suggestion, Nathan struck Jim a tremendous blow on the forehead which brought him senseless to the ground.

"Now," said Nathan, "I will teach thee a lesson, and I hope it will be a wholesome lesson, too. I will seat myself astraddle of thy breast—I will place my knees upon thy arms thus, so that thou cannot injure me when thou returnest to consciousness. I hope I may be the humble instrument of taming thy fierce, warlike nature, and make a better and more respectable man of thee."

As the Quaker concluded, Jim began to show some signs of returning life. The first impulse of Jim, when he fairly saw his position, was to turn Nathan off. He struggled desperately, but he was in a vice—his effort was unavailing.

"Friend, thou must keep still until I am done with thee," said Nathan. "I believe I am an humble instrument—voluntarily sent hither to chastise thee, and I trust when I am done with thee, thou wilt be a changed man. Friend James, does thee not repent attacking me?"

"No," said James; "let me up and I'll show you."

"I will not let thee up, thou impious wretch," replied Nathan; "darest thou profane the name of thy Maker—I will punish thee for that—I will check thy respiration for a moment."

Nathan, as good as his word, clutched him by the throat. He compressed his grip, until a gurgling sound could be heard; Jim's face became distorted; a tremor ran through his frame. He was evidently undergoing a process of strangulation. The Quaker relaxed his hold, but not until the choking process had sufficiently, as he thought, tamed the perverse spirit of Jim. It took some moments for Jim to inhale sufficient air to address the Quaker.

"I will knock under," said Jim; "enough; let me up."

"No, thou hast not got half enough," said Nathan. "Thou art now undergoing a process of moral purification, and thou must be contented to remain where thou layest until I am done with thee. Thou just profaned the name of thy Maker, friend James," continued Nathan; "confess, dost thou repent thy wickedness?"

"No hang d if I do," growled Jim.

"Thou perverse man," replied Nathan, in an imploring tone, "say that thou repentest thy wickedness."

"I'll be hanged if I do," growled Jim.

"Wilt thou not?" replied the Quaker, "must I use compulsory means? I will compress thy windpipe again, unless thou givest me an answer in the affirmative; say quick, art thou sorry?"

"No, I—y-e-s," shrieked Jim in a gurgling tone, as the Quaker's grip tightened; "yes, I am sorry!"

"Is thy sorrow goodly sorrow?" inquired Nathan.

Jim in her demurred giving an affirmative answer to this question, but a gentle squeeze admonished him he had better yield.

"Yes," replied Jim; "now let me up."

"I am not done with thee yet," said Nathan.

"Thou hast been a disturber of the peace of this neighborhood time out of memory—thy hand has been raised against every man—thou art a bawler. Wilt thou promise that, in future, thee will lead a more peaceful life—that thou wilt love thy neighbor as thyself?"

"Yes," answered Jim, hesitatingly; "all but the Quakers."

"Thou must make no exceptions," replied Nathan; "I insist on an affirmative answer."

"If I say yes to that—I'll die first!"

A struggle now ensued between the two, but Jim had his match.

"Thou must yield, James," said Nathan, "I insist on it;" and again he grasped Jim by the throat. "I will choke thee to submission; thou must answer affirmatively—say after me: I promise to love my neighbor as myself, including the Quakers."

"I promise that," said Jim, "I'll be cursed if I do."

"I will check thy respiration," replied Nathan. "Wilt thou yield?"

"No I won't; I'll be blasted if I do," answered Jim.

"Thou had better give in," replied Nathan; "I will check thee again if thee does not—see, my grip tightens."

And Nathan did compress his grip, and the choking process again went on. Jim's face first became distorted, then purple—his tongue lolled out, and his eyes protruded from their sockets—his body writhed like a dying man's. Nathan persisted in holding his grip until Jim became entirely passive, and then relaxed his hold. Jim was slow in recovering his speech and his senses; when he did, he begged Nathan, for mercy's sake to release him.

"When thee will make the promise I exact from thee, I will release thee, but no sooner," replied Nathan.

Jim saw he was powerless, and that the Quaker was resolute. He felt it was no use to persist in his stubbornness.

"I will give in," he replied; "I will promise to love my neighbor as myself."

"Including the Quakers?" inquired Nathan.

"Yes including the Quakers," replied Jim.

"Thou mayest arise then, friend James," answered Nathan; "and I trust the lesson thou hast learned to-day will make a more peaceful citizen of thee, and I hope, a better man."

Poor Jim was completely humbled; he left the field with his spirits completely cowed. Not long after this occurrence the story became bruited about. This was more than Jim could bear. He soon after left the scene of his many triumphs and his late defeat, and emigrated to the "far west." The last heard of him, he was preparing to make another move. Being pressed for his reason why he emigrated, he said a colony of Quakers were about moving into his neighborhood. He was under an obligation to love them, but he was of the opinion that distance would lend strength to the attachment.

ANECDOTE OF THE ELEPHANT.—A soldier in India was in the habit of giving to an elephant, whenever he received his pay, a certain quantity of arrack. Once, being intoxicated, this soldier committed some excesses, for which, being pursued by the guard, he took refuge under the body of the elephant, when he laid himself down quietly and fell asleep. In vain the guard attempted to seize upon him and draw him from his place of refuge; for the grateful elephant defended him with his trunk. When the soldier awoke the next morning from his drunken slumber, he was very much alarmed at finding himself under the belly of such an enormous animal; but the elephant caressed him with his trunk so as to quiet his apprehensions, and gave him to understand that he might go his way in safety.

HAWKING.

HAWKING is an amusement so uncommon in modern times, and so closely interwoven with the manners of past ages, that a description of it must needs be interesting to readers of the present day. The following account will please, both by its vivacity and its minute accuracy of detail.

"The different species of the falcon, which are of the long-winged hawk kind, are many of them used for this sport; and, with the immense sums which were formerly lavished away by the English nobles to train these birds, no doubt but the sagacity of every sort that could then be found has been tried, which, in the best ornithological accounts, amount to a great number. The *falco peregrinus*, or common falcon; the *sacra*, called *falco sacer*; the *jer falcon*, or *gry falcon*; the *gentil falcon*, or *falco gentilis*; the *mountain falcon*, the *haggard falcon*, and, indeed, many others, to the number of about fifteen and these spread into a great variety. It is very probable, however, that the different ages of the same bird may give color to these reports, as well as the accidental alterations in their appearance, occasioned by different climates; besides, out of curiosity, it is also likely that those who have trained them, may have contrived to couple them, so as to produce varieties, in the manner that bird fanciers manage with pigeons and canary birds.

That hawks were formerly trained for the purpose of pitched battles in the air, as well as aerial chases, there can be no doubt; and in this case, it must certainly have been extremely curious to have seen the haggard, which is the most obstinate and persevering of all the falcon tribe meet the *jer falcon*, which is the largest and the strongest. At present we believe that none are trained but the *gentil falcon* for the air, and the *goss hawk* and *sparrow hawk* for the field, which dart upon hares and partridges in a most curious and unerring manner.

Most extraordinary means are taken to bring these creatures to that degree of obedience necessary to hood them off as it is called, at their prey. Their natural ferocity must be so managed as to be confined to one object; for instance, the *goss hawk* to a hare, the *sparrow hawk* to a partridge, and the *falcon gentil* to a crow; and, at the same time, they must be rendered so docile as to perch upon the falconer's fist, to come at his call, and be attracted by his lure.

For these purposes, they are hooded in a very curious manner, and so kept, except when they are fed, till by degrees, as they grow more familiar (for with all their courage they are a very shy bird), the hood is taken off occasionally, and the falconer possesses their confidence to such a degree, that they become as obedient as spaniels.

But the time and care necessary to bring about this subjection, are astonishing; for if it be not done with the utmost precaution, the value will be all thrown away. When the falcon is brought to this state, the next thing is to use it to the lure, which is a lump of feathers, with such food tied to it as the bird likes best; and thus, by throwing out the lure, even when it is after its prey, it instantly returns with a velocity almost beyond itself; but this last is seldom attempted, the lure being only for the purpose of enticing the falcon when there might be a danger, owing to the distance, of its being lost, which, however, is very seldom the case; for even when it is out of human sight, it is very rare but it observes the lure, and so sure as it does, it comes to it.

I have said so much, that the sport I shall now describe may be better understood. I have been, with my family on a visit to a gentleman, of that meritorious inquisitiveness which denotes a busy and a curious mind. We went merely to see a collection of pictures and drawings, which were admirably well executed. Among others, there were some excellently well finished birds, particularly those of the falcon tribe. While we were looking at them he told us that one of them was a portrait, and said he would show us the original. He went out, and presently returned with a hawk upon his fist, in the manner of a falconer. It was hooded, and seemed perfectly tame. He explained the different natures of these birds, and gave us pretty nearly the intelligence relative to training them, that I have related above.

At length he made us all so in love with hawking, that we longed to see this famous amusement, in which gratification, he said, he had no doubt but he could indulge us on the following day; for he had a case of hawks himself and he expected Lord Orford's falconer on the following morning, with a cast and a half more, in which case he would undertake to show us some sport. A cast consists of two. The falconer was as good as his word, and so was my friend. He called upon us in the morning, and we all repaired to a common about two miles from Yarmouth. The name of *falcon* is only applied to female hawks. They are more courageous and fierce than the males, which last are called *tassel gentils*.

The five hawks produced for our amusement, were all males. We had, however, nothing to allege against their courage or ferocity, for they gave some notable proofs of both, mixed with a keenness beyond what I could have conceived. They were trained to fly at nothing but crows, of which all the birds seemed to be conscious; for, after the first flight, there was not a crow to be seen, out of many hundreds that were spread over the common on our first entrance on it, while the crows and crows, and a variety of other birds, were flying in all directions, perfectly unconcerned at the appearance of these beautiful and terrible creatures.

The first flight was thus performed. A cast of hawks at the same moment were hooded off, (which means the ceremony of taking off the hood and letting them fly) each at a crow. The majesty in which they rose first attracted me; from this I was soon, however, diverted, by what appeared to me a kind of phenomenon. I had never, properly speaking, seen a crow fly in my life. Instead of the heavy, clownish manner in which it ever to me seemed to trudge as it were, through the air, the velocity with which it flew, to escape its enemy, gave it the appearance of a different bird; nor was it in cunning inferior to the hawk, though clearly frightened into a kind of last desperation.

When it was no longer possible to seek safety in flight, and the spreading pinions of its merciless adversary had borne him to so close a situation that death seemed to be inevitable, the victim suddenly stopped, as if to receive the blow with fortitude; but, in the moment that the hawk seemed to meditate the blow, the crow, with a scream of despair, fell of itself like a shot at which time it appeared so to shrink within itself as to be contracted to the size of a blackbird. Whether this was unexpected by the hawk, or whether having towered on with such resolute velocity that it was unable to stop itself, I know not, but the crow fairly escaped for the time. It became, however, very soon within the same situation, and twice more it evaded the danger in the same manner. At length it was enabled to take shelter on the ground, in which situation, from its noble nature, the hawk dis-

dained to touch it. Seeing this, and commending the bird for its conduct, Lord Orford's falconer threw out the lure, and the hawk was instantly on his fist. The other hawk had also lost its prey, and my friend who performed the part of the falconer, lured it back again from an immense distance.

The crows having now completely disappeared, a second cast of hawks was hooded off in search of prey. This was to me a very beautiful sight. The grandeur and majesty with which they traversed the air, which they seemed to quarter as a pointer does a field, delighted me exceedingly. The circles in which they appeared to maintain an intelligence with each other increased, and they were frequently out of sight, at least of my sight, even with the assistance of a glass. At last they were to me totally lost, and I was very anxious and very importunate with the falconer to lure them back again; but he said he knew his time, which proved to be true; for, though I had totally given them up, he had scarcely thrown out his lure, when, in a space of time incredibly short, they returned to it.

The third flight was perfectly different from anything we had seen, and ended tragically for the poor crow. It was performed by one of those hawks that had been first hooded off, and that which had not been let fly at all. We had no expectation that it would happen, or that we should have any more sport, for the crows had seemed entirely to have disappeared. It was the fate of a poor straggler, however, to make his appearance, and away went the hawks after him.

The crow would probably have escaped, had there been only one hawk; for, with great boldness, he practiced the same means of evasion as I had seen in the first flight, but one of the hawks, maintaining a situation under the crow, as fast as it avoided the uppermost, it was with all the difficulty in the world that the gripe of the lurcher underneath could be parried. The crow was, therefore, obliged to manoeuvre in all directions, which was certainly done in a very masterly style for some time, all the while the crow escaping their blows by the power of contracting its flight into a narrower circle than that of its enemies; but the odds were so immense, that the crow, from the impossibility of touching the ground, where it would have been in safety, at last came in contact with his enemy below; at which moment the hawk gave it a blow with his beak upon the wing, and it was instantly disabled. Seeing this, the other hawk pounced upon it like lightning, and seizing the poor devoted bird in his talons, bore it to the earth. The crow was killed by the hawk in the act of seizing him; which the falconer informed me was always the case, for the hawk, as it seizes the body with one claw, breaks the neck with the other. The hawks having come to the falconer, the prey was quietly delivered up to him as a hare is by a bound to the huntsmen; and the conquerors waited with great patience for their reward, while, with very grave ceremony, their feeder cut the crow in two equal parts, that thus it might fairly be divided between them."

DRAFTING.

We have had, since the late rumor in reference to drafting has been going the rounds, many anxious inquiries in reference thereto. For the sake of allaying the fears of the timid and unpatriotic, we would state that, as yet, these fears are groundless, because the resort thereto is unnecessary; for, in spite of assertions to the contrary by sneaking enemies in our midst, volunteers are flocking to enroll themselves under the flag of their country, to maintain the constitution and the laws; and as soon as more active operations are commenced, we doubt not but that the number of enlistments will be increased manifold. However, for the accommodation and information of the querists above alluded to, we here append the laws on the subject, remarking, *en passant*, that it will prove unfortunate for some, should the process in question for raising troops be resorted to, that the census has been so recently taken, preventing them from adding to or deducting from their "years of age," which many will doubtless strive to do. The number of over-grown youths under eighteen and middle-aged men over forty-five, will, we fear, be found to have largely increased. And—How old are you?—will be a rather delicate question to propound. Here is the document:—The old law of the United States gives the President authority to call out the volunteers, and in the event of these failing, a draft may be ordered. The regular State militia are first liable; but should they fail to supply the required number, then the able-bodied males residing in the regimental districts, between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, are liable to be drawn. The revised Statutes of this State, section 49 of the Mill Law, prescribe:

Whenever the President of the United States, or the Commander-in-Chief shall order a draft from the militia for public service, such draft shall be made in the following manner:

§ 1. When the draft required to be made shall be a number equal to one or more companies to such brigade, such draft shall be made by company to be determined by lot, to be drawn by the commanding officer of the brigade, in the presence of the commanding officers of the regiments composing such brigade, from the military forces of the State in his brigade, organized, uniformed, &c.

§ 2. In case such a draft shall require a number equal to one regiment, (to a brigade) it is to be determined in the same manner.

§ 3. In case such a draft shall require a larger number than that composing the military force of such brigade, such additional draft shall be made of an equal number from the military roll of the ununiformed militia of each town or ward, filed with the city, village, or town clerk &c.

When such a draft from the ununiformed is ordered, (which means the mass of the people) all males residing in the regimental districts are compelled to enroll themselves; the enrollment list is then filed (in cities) in the County Clerk's office. On the day appointed the Mayor or supervisor of the Ward, in presence of the Regimental Commander of the district, draws by lot from this list, a number of names, in accordance with the number called for by the draft.

On the day appointed, any male thus drawn may provide an able bodied man as a substitute, who is then taken in his stead. No persons of the required age are exempt from this drafting, except clerymen, and those incapacitated by reason of bodily ailments.

The old militia law of the U. S., passed in 1791, exempts the Vice-President Judicial, and Executive officers, members of Congress, Custom House officials, Postofficers, and officials connected with the mail service, inspectors of exports, pilots, and marines in actual service.

DEVOTIONAL.—While one of the chaplains of the army was repeating this line of the Lord's prayer, "Give us this day our daily bread," a soldier added with a loud voice "fresh!"

THE RING IN BY-GONE DAYS,

REMAINS A RECORD OF

WELL-FOUGHT BATTLES.

NOW FIRST RE-PUBLISHED IN THE NEW-YORK CLIPPER.

NUMBER FORTY-EIGHT.

Bill (Dolly) Smith—His Battle with Cannon the Bargeman.

Dolly entered the lists with an athletic bargeman, of the name of Cannon, in a field contiguous to Shirley Common, near Windsor, on Tuesday, May 6, 1817, for twenty guineas a side, in a twenty-four foot ring. It proved a most determined battle. Smith, upon this occasion, was patronized by the swell stage-coaches, who, it seems, sported their blunt most freely in his support, notwithstanding the great disparagement of person between Dolly and his opponent, the former being in height about 5 feet 4½ inches, and weighing 11 stone 4 pounds. Cannon was much fancied by the gemmen of the oar, and his pugilistic pretensions were rather of a prepossessing quality. He was a fine, athletic young man, 26 years of age, standing 5 feet 10 inches in height, and weighing 13 stone. It was his second appearance in the ring, and he was not destitute of science, having some time before conquered the biggest man in the Staffordshire militia in a very finishing manner. As early in the morning as eleven o'clock, the men stripped and Dolly was seconded by the veteran Caleb Baldwin and Dick Whale; and Cannon was attended by two stout countrymen. Half-minute time allowed.—Six to four on Smith.

Round 1. Both the combatants did not seem disposed to waste much of their time in sparring, and went to work without any ceremony. Cannon, from his height, length, and strength, completely stood over his opponent, but Dolly, not in the least dismayed, planted two good body hits, and fought with his man with much spirit, till, in closing, both went down.

2. Both on their mtle, and getting away in good style, some sharp blows were exchanged between them, when Dolly put in a tremendous water on the side of Cannon's nob, that seemed like an electrifying shock to the bargeman's upper works. He was much confused, but his bottom would not let him go down, and he fought his way into a close, when both again fell.

3. To 17. During the whole of these rounds the combatants were far from being idle, and much variety of miling had occurred. The claret had made its appearance upon both their coats, and their mugs had undergone some little change, from the repeated thumps they had so respectably and liberally bestowed upon each other. Upon the whole, Dolly as yet might be said to stand forward in the most favorable point of view, and betting continued on him.

In this round Dolly gained great applause, he fought his opponent in the most gallant style, milled him in all directions—and, by way of finishing it, he planted such a tremendous hit in Cannon's middle-piece, that he went off his pins in such quickness of stage, resembling more the color of a cannon shot, than in being felled from the fist of a man. Louis Sholly, and 7 to 4 on Dolly.

19. To 20 and last. Pantomime was the order of the day in all these rounds. The paistry of Dolly never forsook him, and he contented against an opponent every way so much superior, with the most determined courage and manhood. It was a good fight throughout, and both the men displayed true native resolution. The claret flowed profusely—and both were equally painted, that it was remarked by spectators, that both belonged to one flock of sheep, they were so regularly marked. Their persons were nearly obscured, and such a rushing mill had not been witnessed for a long time. One of Dolly's arms was so much beaten, and his wrist so terribly sprained and puffed up, that he was reluctantly compelled to relinquish the contest, at the expiration of an hour and four minutes.

Cannon was so much exhausted, that, on being declared the winner, he was obliged to be led out of the ring, and on being lifted into a coach by three men, he immediately fainted. The battle had scarcely been finished one minute, when a magistrate appeared to put an end to the sport; but "his worship" was politely informed, there was no necessity for his functions then to be brought into action, as it was all right respecting the mill, and they should be upon the retreat in a twinkling. A great number of sporting gentlemen were upon the ground, and considerable betting took place.

REMARKABLE INSTANCES OF LONGEVITY.—The date affixed, is the year in which each person died; all below the age of 130 years are excluded.

Year.	Age.	Year.	Age.
1769 Donald Cameron.....	130	1772 Mrs. Clum.....	138
1766 John Deason.....	130	1766 Thomas Dobson.....	129
1766 George Kier.....	130	1765 Mary Cameron.....	129
1767 John Taylor.....	130	1732 William Leyland.....	140
1774 William Beattie.....	130	1732 Countess of Desmond.....	140
1778 John Watson.....	130	1779 James Sands.....	140
1780 Robert M. R. (a monk).....	142	1782 Alexander (a monk).....	142
1780 William Ellis.....	130	1773 James M. Flay.....	143
1764 Elizabeth Taylor.....	131	1767 John Ellingham.....	144
1775 Peter Gordon.....	131	1782 Evan Williams.....	145
1761 Elizabeth Marchant.....	133	1766 Thomas Winslow.....	146
1772 Mrs. Keith.....	137	1772 J. C. Drakenberg.....	146
1767 Francis Agnew.....	134	1652 William Mead.....	150
1771 John Brockley.....	137	1768 F. and S. Correll.....	148
1714 Jane Harrison.....	135	1742 Thomas Newman.....	152
1759 James Stride.....	136	1635 Thomas Parr.....	162
1763 Catherine Noon.....	136	1656 James B. Wells.....	162
1771 Margaret Foster.....	136	1654 Harry West.....	162
1776 John Mayall.....	136	1618 Thomas Damm.....	164
1774 John Riddell.....	136	1702 J. Asph. Peasant.....	167
1793 John Robertson.....	137	1707 F. Asph. Peasant.....	169
1767 William Sharpley.....	138	1664 William Edwards.....	168
1768 John McDonough.....	138	1670 Harry Jenkins.....	169
1770 John Fairbrother.....	138	1780 Louisa Truxo.....	175

To these may be added a Mulatto man, who died in 1797, in Frederick Town, Maryland, who was said to have been 180 years old. In the County Chronicle, of December 13th, 1791, a paragraph was inserted, which stated, that, "Thomas Laro, according to the Parish Register of St. Leonard, Shoreditch, died the 28th of January, 1588, aged 207." This is an instance of longevity, so far exceeding any other on record, that one is disposed to suspect some mistake either in the record or the extract. There is an instance of a native of Russia, who died in 1811, at the advanced age of between 200 and 205 years. In the year 1740, two pictures of Centenarians were brought to the king of France at Champaigne. The first contained John Rovin aged 174, and Sarah Deson his wife, aged 164, natives of Bannat in Turinavia, where they were then living. The younger son was 116, and had two grand-sons alive, the one 35 and the other 33. The second was a portrait of Peter Zorten, a peasant of the same county, who died January 25th 1724, aged 183.

THE NUMBER OF FIGHTING MEN IN THE LOYAL STATES.—The following table shows the number of males in the loyal States fit to bear arms, between the ages of eighteen and forty-five years, together with the population of each State, and the number of men each should send to the army to make up the half million ordered into service by act of Congress:—

States.	Population.	Fighting men.	Quota.
Maine.....	618,276	128,600	10,250
New Hampshire.....	336,072	68,000	8,450
Vermont.....	365,116	68,000	8,160
Massachusetts.....	1,231,665	246,000	33,000
Connecticut.....	460,101	92,000	12,200
Rhode Island.....	174,620	35,000	4,000
New York.....	3,887,542	778,000	101,140
Pennsylvania.....	2,920,370	584,000	74,500
New Jersey.....	672,081	134,000	17,250
Delaware.....	112,218	25,000	2,860
Ohio.....	2,289,600	458,000	61,200
Indiana.....	1,550,480	310,000	38,100
Illinois.....	1,177,752	244,000	44,400
Michigan.....	149,132	30,000	19,500
Wisconsin.....	175,782	35,000	2,150
Iowa.....	674,748	135,000	17,650
Minnesota.....	162,022	32,000	4,160
Kansas.....	107,110	24,000	2,750
California.....	435,457	70,000	10,600
Oregon.....	52,483	10,000	1,500
Nebraska Territory.....	24,793	6,000	1,000
Colorado Territory.....	34,842	6,000	1,000
New Mexico.....	94,842	19,000	2,400
District of Columbia.....	75,076	15,000	2,000
Total.....	19,422,680	3,800,100	500,000

The troops which may be raised in Virginia, Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri, are not estimated, but considered as Home Guards or police for their respective States.

A BUBBLE.—There is a Spanish danseuse coming to this country, so light and ethereal, she dares not go out when the wind blows, for fear of being whiffed away like a feather. She once danced a hornpipe on a soap-bubble.

A PANTOMIME OF OTHER DAYS.

We take it for granted that every reader has a due respect for Pantomime. Whether Pantomime be of Greek or Italian origin; whether it be a mere exuberance of animal spirits, or whether it possess a psychological meaning beneath its grotesque exterior; are questions into which we shall not enter. We do not (like Chaucer's Wife of Bath) "speak of many hundred years ago," but only of one hundred; simply proposing to show the sort of Christmas entertainment which beguiled the holidays of the eighteenth century. We will enter, in the spirit, a theatre of those days, and see it, as Dr. Johnson and Hogarth might have seen it. We will behold the oil lamps, and the candles that required snuffing; the beaux with their periwigs and swords, and the belles with their hoops and powder. We will hear the laughter of lips that have become mere earth in unnumbered graves, and the whispering of silks; we will see the fluttering of the fans, like butterflies in summer air. And we will see the actors and the scenery which our forefathers and foremothers saw, and applaud or hiss, as it pleases us, the "new Pantomime" which is now a century old.

Before we start for the theatre, a few observations on the general character of English pantomimic entertainments a century ago, may not be amiss. At that period—if contemporary accounts may be trusted—as great a preponderance of spectacle over the more intellectual features of the drama existed, as that with which the present age has been charged. Pantomimes, accordingly, were highly popular; and in number nine of *The World*, bearing date March 1, 1753, we find a suggestion which might do admirably for reproduction by any dramatic critic of our own day. "It were to be wished," says this writer, "that the managers would have done entirely both with tragedy and comedy, and resolved at once to entertain the town only with Pantomime; people of taste and fashion having already given sufficient proof, that they think the highest entertainment the stage is capable of affording." And in number 43 of the same publication, it is remarked that when certain reforms shall have been introduced into this species of drama, "Everybody must allow, that a Pantomime will be a most rational and instructive entertainment; and it is to be hoped that none but principal performers will be suffered to have a part in it."

The chief character in Pantomime a century ago, was the Harlequin, who made love to, and danced with, the Columbine in much the same fashion which he now employs. The Clown—the principal man now-a-days, owing, probably, to the achievements of the renowned Grimaldi—had no existence then; at any rate, no nominal existence; but the Pantaloon was attended by a servant, who may be looked upon as the germ from which has issued the matchless rogue of modern times—the veritable progenitor of that embodiment of London impudence, knavery, and slang whom it delighted us to patronize at Christmas, and whom we cannot help in some sort admiring for the geniality of his humor, and the southern exuberance of his spirits. Another distinction between the Pantomimes of the past and of the present, consists in the fact that the former do not appear to have had any regular "introduction" such as those with which we now preface what we call the harlequinade. Nevertheless, there was something of a story, which instead of being kept apart, as now, was mixed up with the rest of the performance. Tales from the Greek mythology were the favorites, but a writer in *The Comissieur* for December 19, 1754, derisively suggests the propriety of taking the subjects of Pantomimes from children's fairy tales. This, it appears, had already been done at one of the great theatres, where they had availed themselves of the story of Fortunatus and the Wonderful Wishing Cap. The correspondent of *The Comissieur* suggests for adoption the old legends of Patient Grizzle, Little Red Riding-hood, Puss in Boots, and the Children in the Wood; in the last of which he thinks it "would be vastly pretty to see the pasteboard robin redbreasts let down by wires upon the stage to cover the poor innocent babes with paper leaves." It seems that in those days, as in the present, they were fond of introducing little children into their entertainments.

The suggestion with reference to fairy tales has been amply carried out in later times; and pantomimes have no doubt been the gainers in elegance, grace, and fancy. In another respect, also, these dramas have certainly improved since the period of which we are writing. At that time, the lax morals of the court had not entirely deserted the stage; and the peridical essayists had frequent occasion to reprove the indecencies of Harlequin. It was surely, however, going a little too far, when a contemporary critic spoke of "the absurdity and profane-ness of such entertainments."

Now enter with us into our aerial brougham, and let us glide away into the land of ghosts and shadows—into the spectral past. The present age vanishes like mist; and in an instant our magic chariot lands us before the box entrance of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, as it appeared in the middle of last century. Here are plenty of other carriages—ghosts, every one of them; and plenty of people in them—ghosts also; for we are now in the region of departed things, and are going to see a pantomime acted by dead men and women to a dead audience! Here are gentlemen in velvet and gold lace, and ladies in vast amplitudes of satin. Here are magnificent footmen with their flambeaux; here are the grenadiers with their peaked caps and gaiters; and here, too, are the genuine old Charlays—the "ancient and most quiet" Dogb-ries—with their quarter-staves and inoffensive lanterns. There will be a crowded house; yet we shall find plenty of room in any case. All the "quality"—and many of the no quality—are here to see the new pantomime of "Harlequin Scorerer" for the scenery and contrivances are said to be inimitable, and the dresses are all new, and the music is almost entirely by Mr. Arne, who himself plays upon the harpsichord. The attraction is therefore great.

Well! we have entered the theatre, and have got a front place; and we have sat through the first piece (to which no one has paid any attention), and the overture to the pantomime is being performed. At length the curtain rises, and "the first scene presents us," to use the language of a chronicler of the time, "with a group of witches, exercising their orgies in a wilderness by moonlight. After a few songs, Harlequin crosses the stage, riding in the air between two witches upon a long pole, and jumps in among them." This is followed by a dance of witches, with which the scene concludes, presenting us with a parallel to the dark pieces of incantation with which our modern pantomimes commonly open. "Next, you see the bricklayers and their men going to work, which now makes the time of our drama to be morning."

Harlequin then stands before a balcony, serenading Columbine, who appears to him; but as he is climbing up, he is surprised by Pantaloon, who comes out, opening the door, and Harlequin pops in. Hence a warm pursuit ensues of Columbine and our hero by Pantaloon and his servant. The next scene is of a house half built, with real scaffolding before it, and the men at work upon it. Columbine retires behind a pile of bricks; our hero mounts ladder; Pantaloon follows; Harlequin descends, moves ladder, and presently down comes the scaffolding with men and all upon it. You next come to a garden wall; where, as Columbine retires under it, Harlequin is turned into an old woman, and the scene converted into a wall with ballads and colored wooden prints strung upon it, with a large wicker chair, in which Harlequin seats himself, supposed to be selling them. The servant comes in and buys a ballad; and here a slight satirical hint is levelled at the song of "I love Sue, and Sue loves me," introduced in the rival "Harlequin Ranger" of the other house. We have now a most delightful perspective of a farm house, whence you may hear the cots in the water as at a distance. Several rustics with their sweet-hearts come on; and Mr. Lowe sings an excellent song, to which all join in chorus—"To celebrate harvest home." This scene removed, a constable comes on, with the

bricklayer's men, who have a warrant to take up Harlequin. Then you have a distant view of barley-mow and barn; several swains dancing before it, with Harlequin and Columbine. The constable and followers opportunely coming in, Columbine is seized, and carried home by Pantaloon. (Here, by the way, we are reminded of the policeman who came to apprehend the Clown in modern Pantomimes.) "When they are in the house, the servant, after many dumb gestures, introduces a large ostrich, which has a very good effect upon the audience, but perhaps would have a much greater, did not one discover by the extremities, that it is Harlequin, whose legs and thighs appear under the body. Columbine by this means discovers him; and, after having made the whole house ring with applause by playing several tricks (such as kissing Columbine, biting the servant, and the like), they morrice off both together.

"We are then carried to a back part of the farm house, which turns into a shed, where in an instant you have the view of a copper with a fire burning under it. Harlequin changes himself into an old washer-woman, and on striking a mound raised of flints mixed with earth, it is immediately turned into a washing-tub and stand; then, opening a door, he shows us a horse with real linen upon it, which is drawn out into many folds to a considerable length upon the stage. Pantaloon and servant come in and after being soused with the soap-suds, are driven off by the supposed washerwoman with a bowl of boiling water from the copper, to the no small diversion of both galleries." (How often have we seen similar pieces of practical wit thus acknowledged in the upper regions!) "But the constable at last catches him; he tumbles down amidst his guards, and so slips away from them. We then see a fence of board, as before a building (excellently well painted), which in a moment is converted into a gilt equestrian statue. Harlequin is discovered to bestride the horse by his sneezing; Pantaloon's servant goes to climb up by the head, which directly bends its neck and bites him; he next tries to get up by the hind leg, which in springing back gives him a most terrible kick, and the poor dog is carried off with his face all over blood, and beaten to pieces.

After this a scene drops, and gives us a prospect of ruinous, rugged cliffs, with two trees hanging over them beautifully executed." (This is the dark scene which invariably precedes the conclusion, and wherein we see Harlequin with a temporary deprivation of his magical power.) "The witches come in again, and, after singing awhile, retire. Then Harlequin appears disconsolate and prostrate upon a couch in an elegant apartment. Lightning flashes; and four devils, in flame-colored stockings, mount through trap doors, surround him with their double-tongued forks, and the whole stage, with the scenery and all upon it, rises up gradually, and is carried all together into the air.

"Here the Pantomime ends; and the scrupulous critic must not nicely inquire into the reasons why Harlequin is carried upwards into the internal regions; as also why Pluto and his fair Proserpina descend in a magnificent throne, afterwards, into a fine pavilion. After a song or two, an imp brings Pluto word that poor Harley is trapped at last; but the black-bearded monarch says everything shall be jolly. Then the stage is extended to a prodigious depth, closing with a prospect of fine gardens and a temple." (This is what, in our modern play-bill language, we should call "The gardens of Delight and the Golden Temple of Felicity in the Realm of ever-beaming Radiance," or something to the same effect.) "We are entertained awhile with the agility of several performers; then with a grand chorus; lastly with a low bow from the performers;—and so down drops the curtain."

Our necromancy is over. We have seen a pantomime of our ancestors; and our prevailing impression is, that, with a few differences of detail, it is in the main very like the same description of performance in the present day. There is not quite so much uproarious fun; and we miss the spoken humor of the modern Clown, many of whose vagaries appear to be the peculiar property of the Harlequin. We note fewer gymnastic feats, and mark the absence of "bits" at the passing follies of the day. But we have learned to entertain a higher appreciation of the scenery and mechanical effects of the stage a hundred years ago, than we should hitherto have owned.—*Household Words.*

THE ART OF CATCHING THE HORSE.—There are few things more aggravating than to be in a hurry to go to some place, and have a great trouble to catch a horse. The way to manage is to keep them gentle from colts, handling them as often as convenient. When young horses are running to grass, give them salt occasionally, and let them fondle about you, making as little show of trying to get hold of them as possible. There is nothing surer to spoil a horse forever, than to run as if trying to hem him in, and yelling at him authoritatively, or scolding at him, when he can see, just as well as you know, that he is out of your reach. To put on the cap sheet, whip him severely for causing trouble, and the next time you want to catch him he will not listen to the voice of your charming, charm you are so wisely." Horses learn a great deal by signs. In beginning to teach them to be caught, go toward them on the near side slowly and cautiously, making no demonstration at all. If the animal begins to walk off, stop and whistle, or otherwise manifest indifference, until he becomes quiet again, then approach as before. When you are so close as to be confident he will not escape you, speak kindly; and hold up one hand, ready to touch him on the withers, and thence pass it along the neck, until you can get hold of his head, but do not seize him with a grab, as this tends to excite fear afterwards. By practising this course, using the sign, viz., holding up the hand when you are a little further away each time, a horse may be caught, even when in considerable glee, (playing simply by holding up the hand and using some familiar phrase, such as "whoa boy," &c. By way of caution, however, watch his actions and intentions closely during his tutoring, and if at any time, or from any cause, you see that he is going to run, do not by any means say anything, or hold up your hand, as the sign given and disobeyed a few times will almost invariably prevent your making anything out of it in future.

ASTOUNDING DISCOVERY IN FRANCE.—The following sounds very much like the stories of the Arabian Nights, or Sinbad the Sailor; but as it comes from a respectable source, we give it for what it is worth:—

It has been a great mystery to English bankers, and to the Directors of the Bank of England, how the bullion of the Bank of France could be so greatly increased within the last three years, while the institution has been constantly sending gold to England, to Germany, and to America. Not long since the Bank of France drew some fifteen million francs in silver from the Bank of England, which it paid for in gold bars with the French Mint stamp on them. At its last report it showed a balance of one hundred and seventeen million francs in gold, while the amount a year ago was under eighty millions—nearly one third increase. It is whispered that this abundance of gold is the result of a scientific discovery, which the Emperor Napoleon has secured the monopoly of. Gold is at the present moment manufactured at Paris in a secret manner. The principal articles used are not lead and arsenic; and, though it is not known how extensively the precious metal is produced, yet several hundred weight of the material are taken to a certain place on the first of each month. Everything is conducted with the utmost secrecy. None of the workmen are allowed to leave, and nothing definite can be known; but the fact that gold is produced is beyond peradventure. How long Napoleon III. will be able to keep this wonderful secret remains to be seen.—*Banker's Reporter.*

HOGGISH.—They have had on exhibition at Red Bluff, Cal., a hog eleven hands in height, nine feet nine and a half inches in length, and weighing 1,321½ pounds.

ANECDOTE OF THE LION.—Under the reign of Augustus, king of Poland, and elector of Saxony a lion was kept in a menagerie at Dresden, between whom and his attendant, such a good understanding subsisted, that the latter used not to lay the food which he brought to him before the grate, but carried it into his cage. Generally the man wore a green jacket; and a considerable time had elapsed, during which the lion had always appeared very friendly and grateful whenever he received a visit from him. Once, the keeper, having been to church to receive the sacrament, had put on a black coat as is usual in that country upon such occasions; and he still wore it when he gave the lion his dinner. The unusual appearance of the black coat excited the lion's rage. He leapt at his keeper, and struck his claws into his shoulder. The man spoke to him gently, when the well known tone of his voice brought the lion in some degree to recollection. Doubt appeared expressed in his terrific features; however, he did not quit his hold. An alarm was raised; the wife and children ran to the place with shrieks of terror. Soon some grenadiers of the guard arrived, and offered to shoot the animal, as there seemed, in this critical moment, to be no other means of extricating the man from him. But the keeper, who was attached to the lion, begged them not to do it, as he hoped he should be able to extricate himself at a less expense. For nearly a quarter of an hour he capitulated with his enraged friend, who still would not let go his hold, but shook his mane, lashed his sides with his tail, and rolled his fiery eyes. At length the man felt himself unable to support the weight of the lion, and yet any serious effort to extricate himself would have been at the immediate hazard of his life. He therefore desired the grenadiers to fire, which they did through the grate, and killed the lion on the spot; but in the same moment, perhaps only by a convulsive dying grasp, he squeezed the keeper between his powerful claws with such force, that he broke his arms, ribs, and spine; and they both fell down dead together.

THE CHAMELEON.—An officer in Africa thus writes of the habits of this comparatively unknown animal:—As some of the habits of the chameleon may not be generally known, I will take the liberty of mentioning a few of them which came under my own observation. One morning on my return from parade, I saw, close to my tent, a very large chameleon hanging on a bush. I immediately secured him, and provided a box for him to repose in. In the course of a few days he became quite familiar, and, having seen them before, I knew how to gain his affections, which, in the first place, was done by feeding him well, and in the next place, by scratching his back with a feather. I used to put him on my table at breakfast, and in the course of a very few minutes I have seen him devour at least fifty flies, catching them in the most dexterous manner with his long slimy tongue. Nor does he ever move from his position, but so sure as an unfortunate fly comes within his reach, so sure is he caught, and that with the rapidity of thought. In the forenoon I always gave him a large slice of bread, which he devoured, and he generally supped on as many flies as he could manage to entrap, setting at defiance the noble Hamlet's theory of the chameleon's death. It is not true that this animal will change color according to what he is put on; but he will change shade according as he is pleased or displeased. His general hue is bright green, with small gold spots all over his body. When angry—and he is easily made so, his hide changes to a dusky green, almost black, and the gold spots are not to be seen; but I never could see any other color on his body but green, in a variety of shades. The spots enlarge very much when he is in good humor, so much indeed, as to give a yellow tinge to the upper part of the animal, but in general they are merely yellow spots on the back and sides.

SELLING A LAWYER.—A man "down East" tells the following story:—He says he was taking a sleigh-ride with a pretty girl, when he encountered a Methodist minister, a favorite gospel itinerant in all the region round about. He stopped him and asked hurriedly: "Can you tie a knot for me?" "Yes," said Brother W., "I guess so; when do you want it done?" "Well, right away," was the reply. "Is it lawful, though here in the neighborhood?" asked the brother; "I never thought of that." "I don't know," was the response made, just as a young brilliant lawyer drove up to whom the case was submitted. "It depends on the sort of knot which he wishes tied," was the decision. "I want a knot tied in my horse's tail, to keep it out of the snow!" shouted the wicked wag, as he drove rapidly away, leaving least the minister, in his profane wrath, should "fall from grace." At a safe distance he "slowed" and heard the lawyer demanding a fee of five dollars for professional advice! "Rather 'sharp practice,'" but it was his "first case," and palpably a "knotty" one.

STAGE COSTUME.—Previously to that information which was introduced, though late in life, under the auspices of the British Roscius, anomalies characterized every scene in the best acted of the most admired plays. Garrick himself played Othello, the Moor of Venice, in a regimental suit of George the Second's Body Guard, with a flowing Ramlies wig. Hamlet was attired in a modern room suit with dress sword, shoe buckles, ruff, and a bag; while Julius Caesar, and Mark Antony, Brutus, and Cassius, and even Cato himself, declaimed in costume so remotely uncongenial to character, that modern taste would view the scene, thus appointed, in spite of the eloquence of the actors, as the burlesque of pantomime, and hoot them off the stage.

SACCANA—A NEW DISEASE.—In Baltimore, when a session lady meets a Union soldier, whether he is alone or with a lady, her head is suddenly thrown back, caused by the contraction of the nerves at the top of the spinal column. This nervous twitching extends to the face, drawing up the nose and mouth, frightfully distorting the most beautiful countenances. The hands too become infected, and clutch the dress of the lady, lest her skirt should touch the horrid monster. She is impelled, by the same influence, to move majestically to the other side of the walk, and sweep past the offending, but electrified soldier. These symptoms are intensely aggravated by meeting Duryea's Zouaves.

DIFFERENT VIEWS.—During the hard fought battle of Bennington, in the first revolution, two brothers fought side by side, protected by the trunk of a fallen tree. The oldest was a man of prayer, but the other was not. Baum's Indian allies were in ambush, picking off the Americans, when the elder brother getting sight of one of them, and taking long aim, lifted up his heart and voice in prayer, saying, "Lord, have mercy on that Indian's soul!" The other brother got a shot at another Indian at the same moment, and as his ball entered his head, he bit off his cartridge to load again, and said: "There is another Indian gone to the devil!"

INCIDENT OF THE BIG BETHEL FIGHT.—At the battle of Big Bethel, the captain of the Foxboro' Mass. company, gave orders to his men that when they saw the flash of the guns in the enemy's battery, to fall instantly on the ground, that the balls might pass over them. One of the company, not hearing the order, remained standing when the enemy fired, and seeing his comrades all fall to the ground, was heard to say to himself: "My God! are they all killed? I guess I shall have to fight some!"

FEMALE BEAUTY.—A fine woman, says Socrates, is an animal more dangerous than scorpions, because these cannot wound us unless they touch us; but beauty wounds at a distance. On which side, never we perceive it, it darts its venom upon us, and overtops our understanding. It is, perhaps, for this reason, that love is represented with bows and arrows, because a handsome face wounds us afar off.

THE "NONPAREIL" DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION, meet Monday evening. All communications should be addressed to 8th Avenue [153u*] H. ROY, President.

If Tillis should meet the eye of S. W. STEVENSON, he is ed to go at once, if possible, to Montreal Canada, to the of L. S., 159 Craig street, Montreal.

An improvement was observable in the attendance at R. M. H. last week. This week, the portion of the R. M. H. will be performed. It has been carefully prepared, and the trials are said to have worked exceedingly well in the past. The Broadway is a well conducted establishment, and deserves to succeed.

A gentleman, a journalist by profession, and having a large acquaintance among the newspaper men of the country, do act as advertising agent and outside manager for either a theatrical company, a circus, or a band of minstrels. Will be lecturer for a panorama. Address "Snowman," Cripple Creek, Colo.

J. W. Guesst, who has leased Pike's Opera House, Cripple Creek, the city, getting his company together. He contemplates some time during the latter part of November.

and sporting circles of London, died in that Metropolis late last year. He was the original editor of the *Town*, a widely circulated and for a long series of years had presided at a Judge's club, at hotels under his proprietorship. At the time of his death he must have been about fifty-five years of age. He has a daughter, for whom a benefit on a large scale had been organized, to be given at Cremorne Gardens, near London on the 24th inst. Edwin Booth was to appear at the Hay-Market Theatre,

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NEW YORK CLIPPER.

DEVOTED TO SPORTS AND PASTIMES—THE DRAMA—PHYSICAL AND MENTAL RECREATIONS, ETC.

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No. 29 Ann street, New York.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1861.

Notice to Subscribers.—Subscribers receiving their papers, in colored wrappers, will please understand that their terms of subscription have expired.

B. TEN BROECK AT NEWMARKET.
HE WINS ANOTHER RACE.

AGAIN we have to record a success of our persevering turf representative among the Britons, which occurred at the First October Newmarket Meeting, on Thursday, the 3d inst., when his American bred horse, Optimist, secured the "Queen's Plate" easily. On Tuesday the 1st inst., his Maggiore, by Locomotive, also secured second place in the Eastern Counties Railway Handicap, against a very full field, numbering no less than twenty-two, Cosmopolite being the winner. Indeed, until towards the conclusion of the race, Maggiore had much the best of it, but old Cosmopolite, who had been going faster at every stride, ran the longest, and won by only a neck, while Maggiore and Lava finished so closely together, that the referee, unable to separate them, pronounced a dead heat for second honors. We append a short summary of the races, in the order in which they occurred:—

THURSDAY, Oct. 3.—The Eastern Counties Railway Handicap, a sweepstakes of 15 sows each, 5 ft. with 100 added, for three year olds and upwards; winners extra; the second to receive 25 sows out of the stakes, T. Y. C. 83 sows.
Baron Niviere's Cosmopolite, by Locomotive—Julia, 6 yrs, 9st 10lb.
Lord Stamford's Lava, by Orlando—Vesuvienne, 3 yrs, 9st 10lb.
Mr. R. Ten Broeck's Maggiore, by Locomotive—Evergreen, 4 yrs, 10st 6lb.
Betting: 6 to 1 agst. Maggiore, 9 to 1 agst. Cosmopolite, 10 to 1 agst. Lava, 10 to 1 agst. Vesuvienne, 12 to 1 agst. Cosmopolite, 20 to 1 agst. Camperdown, 25 to 1 agst. Fitch, Rester, Curlew, Babette, Lily, and East Eschen, 33 to 1 agst. Gibraltar, Lava, Prophet, and Gilder. Lava made the running, with Maggiore second, Fitch, and East Eschen close up, Cosmopolite being the absolute last, and continuing so for some time. After proceeding about a quarter of a mile, the French horse commenced improving his position, no change taking place in the foremost division. On entering the cords, Cosmopolite passed the Prophet and Curlew, who were both beaten. Immediately after, he joined the leaders, a splendid race ensued, which terminated in favor of Baron Niviere's horse by a head; Lava and Maggiore running a dead heat for second place; Botes was fourth, half a length from the dead heaters; Man-at-Arms was left at the post.

THURSDAY, Oct. 3.—The Queen's Plate of 100 guineas: three year olds, set 11lb; four, 9st 7lb; five, 10st; six and aged, 10st 2lb; B. C. Mr. R. Ten Broeck's Optimist, by Lexington, dam by Gilder, 4 yrs, 9st 7lb.
Lord Stamford's Dulcibella, by Voltigeur—Prestige, 4 yrs, 9st 7lb.
Mr. T. Parr's Avalanche, by Wild Dayrell—Mida, 4 yrs, 9st 7lb.
Mr. Parker's Bevis, 5 yrs, 10st.
Mr. Fitter's Pict, 3 yrs, set 11lb.
Betting: 5 to 4 agst. Optimist, 7 to 4 agst. Avalanche, and 6 to 1 agst. Dulcibella. Dulcibella is out of the work for the first quarter of a mile, when Optimist took up the running, and which he carried on the dip, where Bevis took the lead, which he held to the new ground, where Optimist again passed them, Bevis still second. About a quarter of a mile from home, Bevis retired, and Dulcibella and Avalanche joined the favorite, and the three raced together for a few strides, when Mr. Ten Broeck's horse shot away from them, and won easily by two lengths; a head between the second and third. The others were pulled up, and walked past the post.

These successes speak well for the American bred stock, and taken altogether, we presume that the past season has been by no means an unprofitable one to their owner. At all events, it would appear that Mr. Ten Broeck has not been in a hurry to be run off the track to oblige the penny-alliars there. We observe, however, that his Starke, the winner of the Goodwood and Maggioro, that run in one of the races above noticed, are advertised for sale by private contract. This indicates we think, a gradual withdrawal from active operations, even if it does not amount to a positive declaration of intention, but by no means, as we stated above, indicates haste, as Maggiore is entered for the Oaks. At all events, it must be acknowledged that Mr. Ten Broeck is a shrewd tactician and it is possible that he prefers to invest on other individuals' stock, rather than to incur the expense of further continuing his stable, now that the quality of American horse flesh has been demonstrated by him.

GAME LAW FOR BERKS COUNTY, PA.—The following law relating to the shooting of game in Berks County was passed at the late session of the Pennsylvania Legislature:—

AN ACT for the protection of insectivorous birds and the preservation of game in the counties of Berks and Lebanon.

Sec. 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same, that from and after the passage of this Act, it shall not be lawful for any person to shoot, kill, or in any way destroy any robin, kingbird, bluebird, swallow, martin, or other insectivorous birds, at any season of the year, or at any time or season of any year thereafter, under the penalty of two dollars for each and every offence.

Sec. 2. That from and after the passage of this Act, no person shall shoot, kill, or otherwise destroy, in said Counties of Berks or Lebanon, any woodcock or squirrel between the 1st day of January and the 4th day of July, or any pheasant, plover, flicker, lark, dove, or woodpecker, between the 1st day of January and the 1st day of September, or any rabbit or partridge, between the 1st day of January and the 15th day of October in the present year, and in each and every year thereafter, under the penalty of five dollars for each and every offence.

Sec. 3. That no person shall have in his or her possession, or buy or cause to be bought, or carry out of said counties, for the supplying of any private or public house or market, any pheasant, partridge, woodcock, plover, flicker, lark, dove, woodpecker, rabbit, or squirrel, unless the same shall have been taken or shot in the proper season, as provided for in this Act, under a penalty of five dollars for each and every offence.

Sec. 4. That no person shall at any time, wilfully destroy the eggs or nests of any of the birds mentioned in the first and second sections of this Act, within said counties, under the penalty of two dollars for each and every offence.

Sec. 5. That the possession by any person in said counties, of any of the birds mentioned or referred to in the first section of this Act, shot, killed, or otherwise destroyed, or of any of the birds or animals mentioned in the second section of this Act, shot, killed, or otherwise destroyed, under or season, as aforesaid, shall be sufficient evidence upon which to convict under this Act.

Sec. 6. That any person offending against any of the provisions of this Act, and being thereof convicted, before any Justice or Justice of the Peace for the counties aforesaid, with or by the confession of the party so offending, or by view of any said Aldermen or Justices, or by the oath or affirmation of one or more witnesses, shall for every such offence forfeit the sum or fine attached to the same. One half to the use of the School District in which the offence may be prosecuted, the other half to the use of the informer, or, which forfeiture shall be levied by distress and sale of the offender's goods and chattels; and for want of such distress, if the offender shall refuse to pay the said forfeiture, he shall be committed to prison for the space of two days for each and every offence, without bail or mainprize, provided however that such conviction shall take place within 30 days after the commission of the offence.

Sec. 7. That this Act shall not interfere with any existing law or laws to prevent trespassing, or the firing of guns near public highways, or sporting or hunting on Sundays.

Sec. 8. That all Acts or parts of Acts conflicting with the provisions of this Act, be and the same are hereby repealed.

Approved the 17th day of April, A. D. One Thousand Eight Hundred and Sixty-one.

BOAT RACE.—The scull boat race on Saturday, 12th inst., at Pittsburg, for a purse of \$50, resulted in favor of the Moonlight, rowed by James Hamilton, and in the defeat of an unnamed boat, rowed by Wm. Campbell. Time of the Moonlight, over the three mile course, 24.56. The Moonlight belongs to the Undine Club, and the other boat to the Atlanta.

THROTTING AT NEWTON, N. J.—On the 4th inst., a little "go" came off on the Muckhook Pleasure Ground Course, between two "names" of the same name, viz., Jerry Bryant, for \$100 a side. We append a summary thereof:—

Joe Armstrong, owned by Jerry Bryant, 1st 1.1
Alanson Fredmore, owned by Jerry Bryant, 2d 2.2
Time, 2:57.5; 2:54; 2:57.5.

A GO OF SIXTY YARDS.—Wm. Cole, of Pittsburg, has made a match with the Ohio Boy, Spain, to run a foot race of sixty yards for a purse of \$50. The race is to take place on the 22d of October.

BALL PLAY.

BROOKLYN VS. NEW YORK.—The following are the full and complete scores of the matches played on the Fashion Course, Aug. 17, and Sept. 10, 1858:

PLAYED AUGUST 17, 1858.			
NEW YORK.		BROOKLYN.	
NAMES.	H. L. RUNS.	NAMES.	H. L. RUNS.
Gelston, s. s.	2 3	Masten, c.	3 4
Pickney, 2d b.	2 1	Pidgeon, p.	2 4
Bry, 1st b.	2 1	Price, 1st b.	2 2
Marsh, 3d b.	2 1	Oliver, 2d b.	2 3
DeBost, c.	2 0	M. O'Brien, 3d b.	2 2
Hoyt, r. f.	2 1	Pearce, s. s.	2 4
Turner, i. f.	2 1	Grum, r. f.	2 4
Davis, c. f.	2 0	P. O'Brien, i. f.	2 3
Van Cott, p.	2 1	Manoli, c. f.	2 4
Total.	8	Total.	29

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNING.			
1st	2d	3d	4th
New York.	2	0	1
Brooklyn.	6	0	5

FIELDING.			
Fly	B'd	Base	Total
Gelston.	0	1	0
Pickney.	0	0	1
Bry.	0	0	1
Marsh.	0	0	1
DeBost.	0	0	1
Hoyt.	0	0	1
Turner.	0	0	1
Davis.	0	0	1
Van Cott.	0	0	1
Total.	11	3	5

HOW PUT OUT.			
Fly	B'd	Base	Total
Gelston.	0	1	0
Pickney.	0	0	1
Bry.	0	0	1
Marsh.	0	0	1
DeBost.	0	0	1
Hoyt.	0	0	1
Turner.	0	0	1
Davis.	0	0	1
Van Cott.	0	0	1
Total.	11	3	5

Passed balls on which bases were run—DeBost, 5; Masten, 5. Catches missed on the fly—Turner, 2; Davis, 2; Van Cott, 1. Hoyt, 1; Grum, 1; Oliver, 1. Put out on home base—Hoyt by Masten. Run out between bases—M. O'Brien by Pickney. Times left on bases—Masten, 1; Price, 1; Oliver, 1; P. O'Brien, 2; Manoli, 1. Umpire—James B. Bach, of the Excelsior Club. Scorers—for New York nine, Judge Van Cott; for Brooklyn nine, J. B. Leggett.

PLAYED SEPTEMBER 10, 1858.

NEW YORK.			
NAMES.	H. L. RUNS.	NAMES.	H. L. RUNS.
Gelston, s. s.	2 5	Pidgeon, p.	3 3
Wadsworth, 1st b.	2 2	Masten, c.	3 1
Benson, c. f.	2 3	Grum, r. f.	2 2
Pickney, 2d b.	2 3	M. O'Brien, 3d b.	2 1
Thorne, p.	2 5	P. O'Brien, i. f.	2 1
Tooker, i. f.	2 3	Price, 1st b.	2 1
DeBost, c.	2 2	Boorum, c.	2 3
Burns, r. f.	2 3	Pearce, s. s.	2 3
McCooker, 3d b.	2 3	Oliver, 2d b.	2 3
Total.	29	Total.	18

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNING.			
1st	2d	3d	4th
New York.	7	0	3
Brooklyn.	2	0	2

FIELDING.			
Fly	B'd	Base	Total
Gelston.	0	1	0
Wadsworth.	0	0	1
Benson.	0	0	1
Pickney.	0	0	1
Thorne.	0	0	1
Tooker.	0	0	1
DeBost.	0	0	1
Burns.	0	0	1
McCooker.	0	0	1
Total.	4	13	6

HOW PUT OUT.			
Fly	B'd	Base	Total
Gelston.	0	1	0
Wadsworth.	0	0	1
Benson.	0	0	1
Pickney.	0	0	1
Thorne.	0	0	1
Tooker.	0	0	1
DeBost.	0	0	1
Burns.	0	0	1
McCooker.	0	0	1
Total.	4	13	6

Passed balls on which bases were run—Boorum, 8; DeBost, 3. Home runs—Pickney, 1. Struck out—M. O'Brien, 1; P. O'Brien, 1; Boorum, 1. Catches missed on the fly—P. O'Brien, 1; Price, 1; Pearce, 1; Burns, 2; Gelston, 1; Benson, 1; Pickney, 1; Thorne, 2. Run out between bases—M. O'Brien by Gelston. Times left on bases—Manoli, 1; Grum, 2; Price, 1; Pickney, 1; Tooker, 1; DeBost, 1; Burns, 1; McCooker, 1. Umpire—Dr. Adams, of the Knickerbocker Club. Scorers—for New York, J. W. Davis; for Brooklyn, T. S. Dakin.

BASE BALL IN THE CAMP.—"A bold soldier boy" sends us a report of a base ball match played on the parade ground of the Mozart Regiment, now in Seceban, on the 11th inst., and as it speaks of the deeds of daring many who are familiarly known in bat or cles, we let him tell his own story, in his own way. He communicates, which bears date of Oct. 12, reads thus:—ENTR'N N. Y. CLIPPER: Let you might imagine that the "sacred soil" yields only to the tramp of the soldier, that his hills echo only the booming gun, and the dying shriek—I am tempted to enclose herewith the result of a well contested match which came off yesterday afternoon on our parade ground. I surmise that anything in the sporting line is interesting to you and inasmuch as we have among us, celebrities in most every branch of art and science, I can but feel that our friends would be interested, and would peruse with eagerness, ought that spoke praise to those here engaged in their old familiar sports, totally estranged from their midst the all absorbing topic of the day. The afternoon was most beautiful, and although a cool northerly wind prevailed, still, it only added to their eagerness, and braced the contestants. At 2 o'clock the parties appeared, and after arranging the preliminaries, they got to work. We carefully scanned the vias on both sides, and among them we detected Dick Bush, Ben Phillips, J. May, Lowery, and others who have more than once been the recipients of right, and honest blows. Bush is an old member of the Atlanta, of Jamaica. He was catcher yesterday, and if a ball passed him, one might detect upon his countenance a look of surprise, as well as a slight flush of anger; but when he got the bat, the result was generally foretold, and all added to him a home run. Twice or thrice, however, Currier, on the ground base, was "seated" and sealed his base. Dick was evidently much yesterday, and did not play with his usual sagacity, besides, he is somewhat out of practice. I work, by the side of Dick, looks like an infant, for, though Bush is not unusually tall, Jimmy is unusually "small." He is, however, an old hand at the game, and was once a member of the Atlanta, of Brooklyn. He pitched with great skill, and proved himself to be an adept. Manly, on the 1st base, was an excellent player, and batted handsomely. On the other side, we noticed particularly Ben Phillips. Ben being a well built fellow, with any quantity of "muscle," and an old player, he astonished the natives when he bat struck. Garrison as pitcher, and McIntyre on 1st base, both proved themselves well versed in the noble sport. Altogether, the affair passed off well, and ended as creditably to one side as the other. Below is the score:

FIRST NINE.			
NAMES.	H. L. RUNS.	NAMES.	H. L. RUNS.
Brush, c.	3 5	Phillips, c.	0 6
Manly, 1st b.	2 4	Garrison, p.	0 2
Lowery, p.	2 4	Keeny, i. f.	3 2
Wood, 3d b.	2 3	McIntyre, 1st b.	2 2
Decker, s. s.	4 1	Brodie, s. s.	5 2
Powe, c. f.	2 3	Currier, 2d b.	2 4
Ryand, r. f.	5 0	Fredericks, 3d b.	3 3
Willis, 2d b.	3 3	Rackett, r. f.	4 4
Total.	26	Total.	27

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNING.			
1st	2d	3d	4th
First Nine.	0	1	2
Second Nine.	1	2	0

There is some talk of a match between several celebrated players belonging to the 28th Regiment, which is the next to us, and some of our boys. Other sports are being talked of, and unless our game is "block'd" by a sudden "onward movement," I will endeavor to keep you posted. In the mean time, I remain, yours, FORKUS.

OLYMPIC VS. ADRIATIC.—In our last issue we published some remarks on this match, played at Philadelphia, on the 12th inst. We have since been furnished with the score, as well as comments thereon, but as the latter is corroborative of a former correspondent, it will only be necessary, to publish the score, which we here append:

BATTING.			
NAMES.	H. L. RUNS.	NAMES.	H. L. RUNS.
Richards, c. f.	3 2	Sevens, 2d b.	5 9
J. W. Johnston, c.	4 2	McCauley, c.	4 1
Assach, 1st b.	2 3	Crosdale, p.	1 1
Paul, 2d b.	2 3	Johnson, 3d b.	3 4
Kane, p.	2 3	Longfry, c. f.	0 1
T. Bomeister, s. s.	2 3	Smith, s. s.	1 3
Campett, c. f.	2 2	Conrad, 1st b.	1 3
C. Bomeister, r. f.	2 3	Boyle, c. f.	3 1
Zimmerman, 3d b.	1 3	Gaskill, r. f.	1 1
Total.	25	Total.	17

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNING.			
1st	2d	3d	4th
Olympic.	10	2	6
Adriatic.	0	4	3

Time of game—two hours and fifteen minutes. Umpire—D. W. C. Moore, of the Athletic Club. Scorers—Messrs. Vinyard and Shantz.

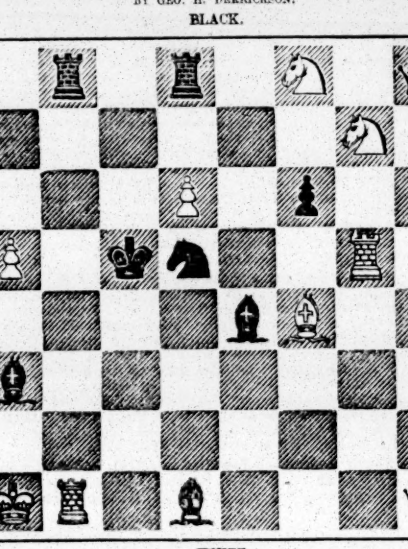
THE GAME OF CHESS.

CLIPPER CHESS PROBLEM TOURNAMENT.—This splendid collection of original chess stratagems, of the very highest degree of brilliance and standard of excellence, bound in an elegant 18 mo. volume, pp. 216 may be had at the Chess Office or Chessy Chess Rooms, 175 for 6 cents, post paid. Edited by Miron J. Hazeltine, Esq.

ENIGMA No. 299.
From "Arcadia" (Mo.) Prospect.
RESPECTFULLY INVITED TO THE NEW YORK CHESS CLUB,
By W. L. FARRER.

at his 4, Q Kt 6, Q Kt 5, K B 6, Q B 4, Q 5th.
at K 2, K Kt sq, K B sq, Q Kt sq, Q R 3, Q sq, K Kt 3, Q B 2, and Black Pawns at K R 5, K B 2, K 4, and Q Kt 4th.
White to play and give mate in five moves.

PROBLEM No. 299.
BY GEO. H. DERRICKSON.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play and give mate in four moves.

GAME NO. 299.
Played at the "Morphy Chess Rooms" between our contributors D. E. Deamar and E. McCutcheon.

KNIGHTS' GAMBIT.
Attack, Defence, Attack, Defence.
1. P to K4. P to K4. 15. P to K5. Castles Q R.
2. P to K4. K to P. 16. P to K6. B to P.
3. K Kt-B3. P to K4. 17. Q to P. Q to B3.
4. P to K4. P to K5. 18. P to K7(c). K to P4.
5. K Kt-B3. P to K4. 19. Q to K4. Q to K5.
6. K to B4. K to B3. 20. K to B3. K to K5.
7. P to Q. P to Q. 21. Q to K4. K to K5.
8. K Kt-B3. P to K5. 22. P to K4. K to K5.
9. P to K5. Q to K5. 23. K to P. Q to P.
10. P to Q5. Q to K5. 24. P to K4. K to K5.
11. Q to B3. P to Q5. 25. K to B4. K to K5.
12. K to B2. Q to B3. 26. K to B5. K to K5.
13. Q to B3. P to B4. 27. K to B5. K to K5.
14. Q to B2. Q to B3. 28. K to B5. K to K5.

(a) The opening to this point has been in the highest sense of the term *second order*; the continuation of the game is of course measurably interesting and instructive.
(b) Frequenty better than casting. The authorities are divided on the subject of the Attack's 9th move—whether he should advance the K's P, as here, (the older style) or play 9. Kt to P. After the move he adopted we have a ways round the advanced B P a source of great annoyance and restraint to the Attack.
(c) These Pawns look terrible as they thus charge home; but it is clearly premature. Their onslaught is coolly and steadily met and baffled.
(d) After this, winning is mostly a question of time and patience.
(e) The only move that seems to save a piece—and this does not accomplish it.

The 5th, the longest and most stubbornly fought part in the great Kolisch-Anderson match.

HERR ANDERSSON. HERR KOLISCH.
1. P to K4. P to K4. 1. P to K4. P to K4.
2. K Kt-B3. K Kt-B3. 2. K Kt-B3. K Kt-B3.
3. P to K3. P to K3. 3. P to K3. P to K3.
4. K Kt-B2. K Kt-B2. 4. K Kt-B2. K Kt-B2.
5. Castles. Castles. 5. Castles. Castles.
6. P to K4. P to K4. 6. P to K4. P to K4.
7. K Kt-B3. K Kt-B3. 7. K Kt-B3. K Kt-B3.
8. K Kt-B3. K Kt-B3. 8. K Kt-B3. K Kt-B3.
9. Q Kt-B3. Q Kt-B3. 9. Q Kt-B3. Q Kt-B3.
10. Q Kt-B2. Q Kt-B2. 10. Q Kt-B2. Q Kt-B2.
11. K Kt-B3. K Kt-B3. 11. K Kt-B3. K Kt-B3.
12. K Kt-B2. K Kt-B2. 12. K Kt-B2. K Kt-B2.
13. P to K4. P to K4. 13. P to K4. P to K4.
14. Q Kt-B2. Q Kt-B2. 14. Q Kt-B2. Q Kt-B2.
15. K Kt-B3. K Kt-B3. 15. K Kt-B3. K Kt-B3.
16. K Kt-B2. K Kt-B2. 16. K Kt-B2. K Kt-B2.
17. Q to B3. Q to B3. 17. Q to B3. Q to B3.
18. Q Kt-B3. Q Kt-B3. 18. Q Kt-B3. Q Kt-B3.
19. Q Kt-B2. Q Kt-B2. 19. Q Kt-B2. Q Kt-B2.
20. K Kt-B3. K Kt-B3. 20. K Kt-B3. K Kt-B3.
21. K to P. K to P. 21. K to P. K to P.
22. Q to B3. Q to B3. 22. Q to B3. Q to B3.
23. Q to B3. Q to B3. 23. Q to B3. Q to B3.
24. Q to B3. Q to B3. 24. Q to B3. Q to B3.
25. K Kt-B3. K Kt-B3. 25. K Kt-B3. K Kt-B3.
26. P to K4. P to K4. 26. P to K4. P to K4.
27. Q to B3. Q to B3. 27. Q to B3. Q to B3.
28. P to K4. P to K4. 28. P to K4. P to K4.
29. K Kt-B3. K Kt-B3. 29. K Kt-B3. K Kt-B3.
30. Q Kt-B3. Q Kt-B3. 30. Q Kt-B3. Q Kt-B3.

NOTES.—Figures, by Stanley; Letters, by Staunton.
(1) Herr A. considers this the only safe retreat in this *debut*.
(2) The Defence manages to advance his centre pawns so judiciously as to relieve himself in a few moves from all the constraint the opening occasioned him.
(3) In violation of the "wise saw" which admonishes you never to pay your Queen in front of an adverse Rook, though the R may be

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

NUMBER THIRTY-TWO.

PETER RICHINGS.

Born at Kensington, London, he made his first appearance in the world May 19th, 1817. His father was a Post Captain in the British Navy. In 1817 he was married, and at the same time articulated himself to an attorney. He remained two years in the study of law, but the confinement on his wife confirmed the threat of disease, which had induced him to send an expedition to the West Indies which he was about taking.

On the 28th of August, 1821, he embarked for America. The Park Theatre had just been re-built. Mr. Simpson was induced to give him a trial. Mr. Richings was so well aware of his total ignorance of the art of acting, that he discreetly preferred beginning unostentatiously, and not aiming at a height which his good sense convinced him he could not reach. The part selected for his debut was Harry Bertram, in "Guy Raverling," on the 30th of September, 1821. His success greatly surprised him. Mr. Simpson immediately gave him an engagement, under which he worked his way for two years, gradually overcoming his awkwardness, but never making any attempt involving the least responsibility. At the expiration of this time the extravaganzas of "Tom and Jerry" was brought out, and to Mr. Richings was assigned the part of the character called Black Trid, in which character he made an immense hit. From this may be dated the commencement of his career.

From that date to 1839—in all, sixteen years—Mr. Richings resided chiefly in New York, attached to the Park Theatre. At this period, he was induced to quit New York, and become stage manager for W. E. Burton, in Philadelphia, and made his first appearance in that city at the opening of the National Theatre, Aug. 31st, 1840, as Captain Absolute, in "The Rivals."

Leaving the National, he assumed the stage management of the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, and for three years struggled manfully against the overwhelming tide of misfortune that seemed to have set against this house. From the Chestnut he went to the Walnut, where the management was so favorably impressed with his great talent, discrimination, and excellent judgment, that the post of stage manager was tendered to him, which responsible position he occupied until Mrs. Garrison became the lessee—1850—since which time he has been fulfilling his engagements throughout the country; but is now, once more, stage manager of the Walnut, Philadelphia.

Mr. Richings' range of characters is probably more extensive and varied than of any performer upon our boards. His versatility of talent is really extraordinary. He is a thoroughly cultivated musician, and, while attached to the Park Theatre, was manager of the Italian Opera House, for Mr. Simpson; and sang with success, leading parts in the operas of "The Marriage of Figaro," "Barber of Seville," "La Gazza Ladra," "Don Freytag," &c.

Mr. Richings' personal appearance is manly and imposing. In private, he is a finished gentleman; blameless in all his social relations, and the centre of a large and admiring circle of friends. Blessed with a lovely and accomplished daughter (adopted), who is destined to make a profound sensation in the musical world, Mr. Richings is one of the happiest and most contented of men.

It has been his aim, during a long life, to elevate the drama, and strip it of those excesses which have tended to demoralize it, and made it the mark for the shafts of fanatics who can see but little good in anything but their own imaginations. In this undertaking, it is pleasing to know he has met with signal success, for wherever he may appear with his accomplished daughter, a hearty welcome awaits them. Peter Richings is indeed a man whom all might envy. We do not speak thus to flatter, for if we were not known to be adverse to it, he is sufficiently acquainted with us to feel satisfied of the sincerity of our expressions. A though he has seen many summer scenes wane, and has travelled many leagues over the too often broken pathway of life, he is still buoyant in spirit as the matin just passed his zenith, and possessing all the elasticity which we meet in one who has seen but little of the toll of life.

CAROLINE MARY RICHINGS.

Born in England, and came to this country when quite young. She made her first appearance in public as a pianist—pupil of Prof. J. Pich, of Philadelphia; her debut took place on Saturday, November 20th, 1841, at the first concert of the Philharmonic Society, at Musical Fund Hall; she played a *fama e brillante* from "Les Huguenots." Her reception was very flattering; her precision of touch and elegance of expression gave evidence of the most untiring practice. Her second appearance was December 15th, 1841, at Musical Fund Hall, giving "Morceau du Concert de Norma," with variations for the piano.

Her first appearance on the stage was in opera in "The Child of the Regiment," at the Walnut Street Theatre, February 9th, 1852. The debut itself was truly gratifying to the numerous friends of the far candidate for popular consideration. All the gems of the opera which occur in the part of Marie were rendered by her with peculiar effect and were received with frequent tributes of applause. Her first benefit took place February 21st, when she appeared as Norma, and with entire satisfaction to all. Made her debut as a comedienne, at the Walnut Street Theatre, March 21st, 1853, as Stella, in the comedy of "The Prima Donna," produced for the first time in America, being for the benefit of Peter Richings.

Made her debut in Italian Opera at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, March 7th, 1857, as Adalgisa, in "Norma." When the Walnut Street Theatre opened for the season of 1857-8, she became a permanent member of the company, and remained until January 12th, 1859, when a complimentary benefit was tendered her by her many admirers; she then left for a starring tour in company with her father.

Miss Richings possesses a clear soprano voice of considerable compass, great flexibility, and extremely pleasant tone; the notes being clearly articulated, and varying in volume for more power in the concert room than in the theatre, while the neatness of execution, firmness in tone, and capability of sustaining the higher notes, do not credit to her.

In appearance, Miss Richings has attractions well calculated for the stage. Her face is extremely expressive; while in repose it is possessed of a beautiful beauty of intellectual character. She always dresses with admirable taste—a very important feature on the stage. As an actress, she has improved wonderfully within the past two years. She has won the laurels she now wears, not by the enthusiastic admiration of personal friends, but from the public at large; and this, too, in the face of English envious, the jealousy of vocalists, and the sneers of Italian jealousy. Her talents, rare accomplishments, attested by a steady and unflinching career, and the consequence of fine scholastic education, and the practice as well as study to imitate the classic figure of the Academy, this lady has made herself a fine actress, apart from her operatic powers.

At present Miss Richings is directress of the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia.

JAMES B. ROBERTS.

Born in Delaware, 1818. He was intended for a physician by his parents, and during the term of education for that profession, he made the acquaintance of the late J. B. Booth, by whose advice he threw physics to the dogs, and adopted the stage for a profession. His first appearance was Jan. 18th, 1836, at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, as Richmond, to Booth's Richard, from which representation the critics at that time prophesied a brilliant future, which has been fully verified. From the Walnut he went to Wilmington, Del., and played at the old theatre. He then visited Richmond, New Orleans, Mobile, and St. Louis, where he remained until 1839, at which time he returned to Philadelphia, and opened at the National Theatre. By the advice of friends he accepted an engagement at New Orleans; from thence he visited all the principal cities, and after three years absence, returned to Philadelphia, and opened at the Arch Street Theatre, as Richard.

To Mr. W. E. Burton he is indebted for his position as a "star." It was he who first discovered his genius, and to his encouragement may be attributed his present high standing.

Mr. R. then proceeded to New York, and the press was loud in his praise. On the 15th of Aug., 1852, he was announced to play a star engagement at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, but did not put in an appearance, but tested a card, in which he stated that owing to the meagre support which was offered him by the stock company, which was inadequate to an ordinary representation of his piece; and as the manager failed to procure auxiliary aid, he, in justice to himself, could not risk his reputation under such an administration.

In March 1857, he sailed for England, and made his first appearance at Drury Lane Theatre, London, Sept. 21st, as Sir Giles Overreach, and won golden opinions from the London press. He played in about thirty of the principal cities and towns of England, Ireland, and Scotland; playing a second engagement at the Royal Lyceum—Drury Lane being closed.

Throughout England, Ireland, and Scotland, Mr. Roberts left an excellent impression on himself, a gentleman, a scholar, and a true artist. Mr. Roberts' acting is not characterized by adhesion to any model with which we are acquainted. A student of Shakespeare after Emerson's own heart, he disdains the mimetic role; and his expression and acting are peculiar to himself.

Mr. Roberts returned to the States from England in June, 1858. Among the talented artists who claim America for their birthplace, this gentleman holds a prominent position. He has worked his way up from the lowest round to the highest, and although he may not claim rank with those who have given lustre to the drama here, he can at least be quoted as one of its most prominent reflecting lights.

Mr. Roberts is a close student. He never attempts the impersonation of a character without analyzing its qualities and making himself familiar with its attributes. It is thus he has established himself as a dramatic actor; one whose authority may be questioned without fear of compromising the association.

Mr. Roberts' faults are few; but, few as they are, they tend to destroy the harmony of his beauty, of a portion of his portraiture of character. The first of these faults is the expression of making the features subservient not to the passions, but to the conceits of the actor. Grimace becomes burlesque, if it does not accord with the expression of passion. Another fault of Mr. Roberts' is his emphasizing. Emphasis is so simple, and so readily understood, that I am sometimes surprised at actors making its use so common as to render whole sentences one series of adjectives, which, not unlike the tread mill, lead to no definite conclusion.

I give an illustration of the mediocrity as given by him, in Sir Giles Overreach.

"To my wish, we are private."

Indeed, it seems as if his otherwise correct reader had actually studied emphasis as a science to correct the language, instead of using it as an art to beautify it.

Another fault of his is the elongation of a word, or sentence; lingering, as it were, on the sound, as if the music was pleasant to the ear of his audience. He has of late fallen into a peculiar style of acting, that balances between the cold artistic school of Macready and the impulsive one of Booth. He has more action and less feeling than he had previous to his visit to Europe. In fact, he acts from the words of the author, and not from the feelings which produce them.

Permit me here to remark, that in every instance (E. L. Davenport excepted) of an American actor's visit to England, he has been forced to use with his native laurels faded, and in their place an exotic green is visible, demonstrative of the word in its application to himself.

Among all of Mr. Roberts' performances, his "Louis the XI" is the best. It is so free from exaggeration, so successfully toned, so elaborate and artificial, so well and deeply conceived and thoroughly acted, that it seems to have the full force of the original eccentric nature which it portrays. The deep cunning, superciliousness, falsehood, hypocrisy, and the eccentricity which pervades all, are perfectly portrayed, so far as I believe acting is capable, in Mr. Roberts' rendition of "Louis the Eleventh." In the scene with the Villiers, no actor can assume more naturally the King's brutality to history, his caprice, his fear of death, and his credulity on the subject of beauty, with so much certainty; and in the chamber scene, where Normans prepare to kill him, the terror, cowardice, and impotence of his royal foe, he renders with such impressive power in facial and bodily disguise, that I regard it as one of the greatest scenes ever witnessed.

JAMES ROBERTS.

Born in Scotland in 1798. His first appearance in New York was in 1833, as Robert Maynor, in "The Turnpike Gate," at the old Broadway Circus, New York. In 1836 he became attached to the Bowery Theatre, and was one of the greatest favorites on the boards. He acquired considerable notoriety by his performance of Bob Logic in "Tom and Jerry." When he joined the forces of the "B. Wery," he was under an engagement to Barrett, of Chatham Garden, and the managers of the Bowery, in order to secure his services, were obliged to pay \$1000 to the manager of the Chatham, as a forfeit.

First appeared in Philadelphia Oct. 1, 1838, at the Arch Street Theatre, as Jacques, in "The Housewife." He soon after went to the Walnut, where he remained but a short time. He then went to the Chestnut, and became one of the best low comedians in the country.

Died at Charleston, S. C. (having gone there on a visit for the benefit of his health) Saturday, April 27, 1833, after a lingering illness.

He was an actor of sterling merit, beloved by his friends, and deservedly regretted by all his acquaintances.

He was a printer by trade, and worked at the "case" for the first time in Boston, Mass. Previous to his visiting this country, he was a leading member of a private theatrical company in Scotland.

His first appearance on the American stage was in 1819, at the little summer theatre known as the Washington Gardens, Boston.

In person, Roberts was a very small and thin man, and gifted with a red head. He was an excellent low comedian, having great imitative talent, and a strong tendency to exaggeration in doing the chair made vacant by the death of the lamented Jefferson.

Next week, Tom Thumb, Mad. Ystris, Viennese children, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brower.

THE RING IN BY-GONE DAYS,

BEING A RECORD OF

WELL-FOUGHT BATTLES,

NOW FIRST RE-PUBLISHED IN THE NEW YORK CLIPPER

NUMBER FORTY-NINE.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

TWO GREAT PUGILISTIC CONTESTS FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND,

Between Molineux, the Black, and Tom Cribb.

We have been requested to publish the two great fights between Cribb and Molineux, for the Championship of England, and as additional interest in them has been awakened here since the International Fight between Heenan and Sayers, we have concluded to give them.

Much as the fame of the former contests of the Champion Cribb had excited interest in the Sporting World, they were looked upon as trifling when compared with his battle with Molineux; and even those persons who had hitherto passed over boxing in general as beneath their notice, now seemed to take a lively interest in the issue of this fight. It appeared somewhat as a national concern; all felt for the honor of their country, and were deeply interested in the fate of their Champion, Tom Cribb. Molineux was viewed as a truly formidable rival; he was by no means deficient either in point of strength, courage, or agility, with his opponent; and, although but little known himself, his pedigree had been traced to be good; his father was never beaten; he was a twin brother; and the family distinguished for pugilistic traits of excellence and bottom. In height, Molineux was about five feet eight and a quarter, weighing 198 lbs., while his brave opponent stood five feet ten and a half, and in weight about 199 lbs. It appears that Cribb expected to win with ease and style; and Molineux threatened to perform wonders; it was also stated by the most experienced and best informed upon the subject, that the betting upon this occasion exceeded anything of the kind that had gone before it. Considerable odds were betted that Molineux would be disposed of in fifteen minutes, and it was considered safe betting that Cribb proved the conqueror in half an hour.

Unknown, unnoticed, unprotected, and uninformed, the brave Molineux arrived in England—descended from a warlike hero, who had been the conquering pugilist of America, he felt all the animating spirit of his courageous sire, and left his native soil in quest of glory and renown—the British nation, famed for deeds in arms, attracted his towering disposition, and his ambitious spirit prompted him with an ardent desire to enter the lists with some of her most distinguished champions—distance created no obstacles, and the raging seas were no impediment to his heroic views, and, like the daring adventurer, who suffers nothing to thwart his purposes, the object of his wishes were gained, and he, at length, found himself in the most enviable capital in the world—London—a perfect stranger, a rude, unsophisticated being, who, resting upon his pugilistic pretensions to excellence, offered himself to the notice of the public, the patron of those gymnastic sports, which, from their practice and support, have instilled those principles of valor into her hardy sons, producing exploits by land and sea, that have not only added greatness, but given stability to the English character.

In Molineux's battle with Tom Blake, the amateurs were completely astonished at the improvement exhibited by the black, and the punishment he dealt out was so truly tremendous, and his strength and bottom so superior, that he was deemed a proper match for the Champion, Tom Cribb; in consequence of which, a match was made for two hundred guineas a side, and a subscription of one hundred was to be given to the winner. It was now that jealousy commenced, and the aspiring ambition of Molineux to obtain the Championship of England, excited considerable anxiety and interest in the sporting world—the honor of the country was at stake, and it is supposed, that no boxer ever entered the ring with so many wishes for success as Tom Cribb.

The day selected for this grand milling exhibition was Dec. 10, 1810, at Caphall Common, in the neighborhood of East Grinstead, Sussex, within 30 miles of the Metropolis. Notwithstanding the rain came down in torrents, and the distance from London, the Fancy were not to be deterred from witnessing the mill, and they waded through a clayey road, nearly knee-deep for five miles, with alacrity and cheerfulness, as if it had been as smooth as a bowling green, so great was the curiosity and interest manifested upon this battle. About twelve o'clock Mr. Jackson, with his usual consideration, had the ring formed at the foot of a hill, (twenty-four feet deep,) surrounded by the numerous carriages which had conveyed the spectators thither, to ward off the chilling breezes and rain which came keenly from the eastward. Immediately upon this being completed, Molineux came forward, bowed, threw up his hat in defiance, and retired to strip; Cribb immediately followed, and they were soon brought forward by their seconds; Galley and Joe Ward for the Champion, and Richmond and Jones for Molineux.

Round 1. The first appearance of the young Roeluis excited not greater attention than the setting-to of the above pugilists; the

eyes of the spectators were stretched to their utmost, waiting for the first blow, when, after a few seconds of scientific display, the Moor put in a left handed hit, but which did no execution. Cribb returned, but his battle was incorrect; however, he made a good stop, and planted a blow with his left hand under the eye of his opponent. A rally now ensued; a low blow was exchanged by each of them, but of no import, when they closed, and Molineux was thrown.

2. The Moor rallied with a left handed blow, which did not fall, when Cribb planted a most tremendous one over his adversary's right eye-brow, but which did not have the effect of knocking him down, he only staggered a few paces, followed up by the Champion. Molineux was now the order of the round, and the rally recommenced with uncommon severity, in which Cribb showed the most science, although he received a dreadful blow on the mouth that made his teeth chatter again, and exhibited the first signs of sweat.

3. After a short pause, occupied in sparring, Molineux attempted a good blow on Cribb's neck, but the Champion parried it, and returned a right handed hit under the Moor's lower rib, when he fell rapidly in the extreme. Still four to one.

4. On setting to Molineux rallied, when the Champion stooped his career by a severe hit in the face, that knocked him, the ground being wet and slippery.

5. The amateurs were uncommonly interested in the round, it was a display of such scientific and bottom, that both the combatants were peculiarly noted for their extraordinary efforts. Molineux rallied with uncommon force, but his blows were short. Cribb returned with spirit, but the Moor knocked them off, and put in a tremendous hit on the left eye of the Champion. A rally, at half arm's length, now followed, which excited the utmost astonishment from the resolute looks of both combatants, who hit each other away three times, and closed this desperate milling for half a minute, when Molineux fell from a feeble blow. The knowing ones were lost for the moment, and no bets were offered.

6. The Moor planted a blow upon the nob of the Champion, who fell from the base state of the ground.

7. Cribb in a rally gave Molineux a hit on the side of his head, when he went down.

8. Cribb showed himself off in good style, and dealt out his blows with considerable success and effect, but experienced from the determined resolution of the Moor, that he was somewhat mistaken in his ideas of the Black's capabilities, who rallied in prime time, and notwithstanding the severe left handed hits which were planted on his nob, the terrible punishment he had received on his body, did not prevent the due skill and power of the Champion, still he stood up and smayed, proving that his courage was of no ordinary nature in exchanging a series of the blows, till he fell almost in a state of stupor, from the milling his head had undergone. This round was equal to any that preceded it, only different in point of duration.

The battle had arrived at that doubtful state, and things seemed on the point of being decided, as was anticipated, that the better were rather puzzled to know how they should proceed with success. Molineux gave such proofs of glory, that four to one now made many tremble who had sported it, but still there was a ray of hope remaining from the science state in which the Moor appeared at the conclusion of the last round. Both the combatants showed symptoms of weakness, but Cribb had a more richly sweated on the left side, Molineux's nob was also much worse for the fight. On Cribb's displaying weakness, the flash side were full of palpitation—it was not looked for, and operated more severely upon their minds on that account. Molineux rallied with a spirit unexpected, bored in upon Cribb, and by a strong blow through the Champion's guard, which he planted in his face, brought him to the ground. It was to attempt to portray the entire scene of the interesting part of the spectators, who appeared as if they were panic struck, and those who were not thoroughly acquainted with the game of the Champion began hastily to hedge off, while others, better informed, still placed their confidence on Cribb, from what they had seen him hitherto take.

Molineux now showed symptoms of weakness, but yet rallied and bored his opponent to various parts of the ring. Cribb kept knocking him about the nob, but he seemed to disregard it, and kept close to his man till they both went down. The Champion now perceived what sort of a man he had to deal with, and that to win, judgment and coolness must be resorted to; he therefore adopted his favorite and successful system of milling on the retreat.

11. The Moor still partial to rallying, planted several blows, but they appeared rather feeble, and did not have the desired effect; but, notwithstanding, he evinced strength enough to give Cribb a heavy fall.

12. Molineux, immediately on setting to, commenced another rally, when the Champion put in a severe body blow, but the Moor treated it with indifference, and in return not only milled his head, but in closing threw him.

13. Molineux, in boring in upon his adversary, received a severe fall from him, but went down from the force of his own blow. To show the uncertainty of betting, it is necessary to state, that the odds had changed six to four on the Moor, to the small odds of those who had sported their money, that Molineux would not become the favorite during the fight.

14. The Moor went furiously in, and ran down Cribb without striking a blow, or without the latter being able to return one; however, on disengaging, the Champion was levelled.

15. Cribb, on setting to, planted a blow over the guard of the Moor, which occasioned a most determined rally, and those persons who were fond of viewing milling in tight corners, were in perfection, no shitting, but giving and taking were displayed on both sides, till Molineux was knocked down from a severe hit he received in his throat.

16. Relying still on the most prominent feature, but Molineux went down, when the Champion put in a severe body blow, but the Moor treated it with indifference, and in return not only milled his head, but in closing threw him.

17. B. in the combatants, determined to do their best, entered most spiritedly into another sharp rally, when they closed, and Molineux not only gave Cribb a desperate fall, but fell upon him himself, and lay for a few minutes in a state of insensibility.

18. The Champion made play, and planted with his right hand a severe blow on his opponent's body, when Molineux returned a hit on the Champion's head, who, by a blow on the forehead, hit the Moor off his legs, but afterwards fell from the force of his own blow. Both in an exhausted state.

19. The combatants by their features would have been utterly unrecognizable, so dreadfully were both their faces beaten, but their difference of color supplied the sort of defect. It was really astonishing to view the determined manner in which these heroes met. Cribb sitting upon the defensive, and retreating from the blows of his antagonist, though endeavoring to put in a hit, was yet by Molineux kept in the ropes, and in a tight corner, about five feet, and in three rows. Molineux with his hands caught hold of the ropes, and held Cribb in such a singular way, that he could neither make a hit or fall down, and while the seconds were discussing the propriety of separating the combatants, which the umpire thought could not be done till one of the men were out about two hundred paces, rushed from the outer to the interior ring, and it was asserted, that one of the Moor's fingers was not broken, it was much relieved by some of them attempting to remove him from the ropes, at this time Molineux was holding his wind by laying his hand on Cribb's breast, and refusing to release his victim, when the Champion, by a desperate effort to extricate himself from the rule grasp of the Moor, was at length released from the corner of the ring, and Molineux having got his head under his arm, bowed away most humbly, but his strength not being able to do it, it otherwise must have proved fatal to Cribb, who fell from exhaustion and the severe punishment he had received. The bets were now decided that Molineux did not fight his last hour, that time having expired during this round.

20. Molineux made the most of himself, and brought his opponent down by boring and hitting.

21. Cribb planted two blows upon the head and body of his opponent, which Molineux returned by a desperate blow in Cribb's face; when they closed, and the Champion was thrown. The well-known bottom of Cribb induced his friends to back him at 6 to 4.

22. The wind of both the combatants appeared somewhat damaged, they spared some time to recruit it, when Cribb put in a blow on the left eye of Molineux, which he had escaped milling. The Moor ran in, gave Cribb a severe hit on the body, and threw him heavily.

23. Molineux began the round with considerable spirit, and gave his opponent a severe hit, when Cribb was thrown. The betting was evenly even.

24. The effects of the last fall operated in some degree upon the feelings of Cribb, from its severity, yet the Champion endeavored to remove this impression by making play, staying far in the for ward, and in a hit on Molineux's left eye, but the Moor, aware of his intent, warded it off, and in return knocked down Cribb.

25. Both the combatants trying to recruit their wind and strength by scientific efforts. The Champion now endeavored to hit the right eye of Molineux, the left having been darkened for some time; but the Moor warded off the blows of Cribb with agility and science, although he went down from a trifling hit.

26. Both combatants on both sides, and after some pulling and hauling both fell.

27. Cribb received a leveler in consequence of his distance being incorrect.

28. The Moor was running in with spirit, but the Champion stopped his career by planting a hit upon his right eye, and from this blow he did not rally, and his adversary was damaged in deeper. The fate of the battle might be decided by this round.

29. If any thing could reflect credit upon the skill and bottom of Cribb, it was never more manifested than in this contest, in viewing what a resolute and determined hero he had to vanquish. Molineux, in spite of every disadvantage, with a courage and force to surpass any ranging superior to exhaustion and fatigue, raised his adversary with as much resolution as at the commencement of the fight, his nob defying all the milling it had received, that punishment appeared to have no decisive effect upon it, and contending nobly with Cribb right and left, knocking him away by his hits, and gallantly concluding the round by closing and throwing the Champion.

30. The Moor was now convinced that if he did win, he must do it on his feet, and he was much improved.

31. The exertion of this last round operated most forcibly upon Molineux, and he appeared much distressed on quitting his second, and was soon levelled by a blow in the throat, which Cribb very easily put in.

32. It was almost who should strength was felt leaving both the combatants they staggered against each other like inebriated men, and fell without exchanging a blow.

33. To the astonishment of every spectator, Molineux rallied with strength enough to bore his man down; but both their hits were of more show than effect.

34. This was the last round that might be termed fighting, in which Molineux had mastered the worst of it; but the battle was continued to the 39th, when Cribb evidently appeared the best man, and at its conclusion, the Moor, for the first time complained that "he could fight no more," but his seconds, who viewed the

nicety of the point, persuaded him to try the chance of another round, to which request he acquiesced, when he fell from weakness reflecting additional credit on the manhood of his brave conqueror, Tom Cribb.

Great events are generally judged of by comparison; and, however severe the conflict might have been between John and Big Ben—this battle between Cribb and Molineux was not only more formidable in its nature, but more ferocious and sanguinary. Forty-five minutes unoppressed milling, before the Moor thought he had enough!

If anything had been wanting to establish the fame of Cribb, the above contest completely decided his just pretensions to the Championship of England. With a coolness and confidence, almost his own, and with skill and judgment so truly rare, that he has beaten his men with more certainty than any of the gymnastic art. Let it not be forgotten that, however partial to his favorite system of milling on the retreat, Cribb never resorted to his scientific effects till the necessity of the moment compelled him to throw away the chance; and that, for the first ten rounds of this contest he was the offensive pugilist, and notwithstanding his game had always been well known, his courage in this instance astonished all the spectators, who expressed their admiration at his being ever ready at the mark, fighting his man.

A FEMININE WARRIOR.—An apparently youthful soldier stopped at the Susquehanna hotel on Saturday evening, Oct. 5, to await the departure of the train for Harrisburg, Pa. He was not there long, however, before it was whispered among some of the knowing ones, that the soldier was a female, which fact was revealed by a fellow passenger from Washington. Finding that he was suspected, and fearing that he might be subjected to great inconvenience from it, he had just concluded to make known that he was a female, when a policeman appeared, and taking him into custody, conducted him to the Middle District station house, where the charge of being a woman was preferred against him.

The subject of this investigation, whose name is concealed for prudential reasons, is a rather good-looking young lady, about nineteen years of age, near five feet in height, of good form, with dark eyes and auburn hair. When first suspected and arrested, she told several different stories; but finding it useless to conceal anything further, the following true statement of her case is given. In April last her husband enlisted as a private, in a three months' Pennsylvania regiment, of which she gives the number, now attached to Gen. Banks' column, without the knowledge or consent of his wife; finding his whereabouts she also enlisted at Harrisburg, and was passed by the examining surgeon in that place. She was attached to the same regiment in which her husband was, and as the Colonel of the regiment was aware of her sex, she was engaged in the capacity of messenger to that officer; she was in the battle of Manassas, and is considerably deafened in consequence of a cannon ball passing near her head; after three months' service she was mustered out, and re-enlisted for three years, with her husband.

Her first enlistment was on the 3d of May, and consequently she has been in service five months, three weeks of which were spent in Camp Curtin, near Harrisburg. Her sex was known to the following persons in the regiment:—the colonel, lieutenant colonel, surgeon, and assistant surgeon, and her husband. She says her husband has treated her rather badly recently, and it was for this reason that she determined to return home, which was her destination when she was stopped here. To see her as she now is, enjoying the hospitality of Mr. Vorsehl, one would scarcely believe that such a delicate creature could have withstood, for the same length of time, the fatigue of camp life, as she has. She says that until Saturday night she had not slept upon a bed for five months. To say the least, she has endured a great deal of hardship.

THE TONE OF BULLETS.—A soldier writing from one of the camps on the Potomac, thus alludes to the peculiar music made by bullets passing through the air—"It is a very good place to exercise the mind, with the enemy's pickets rattling close at hand. A musical ear can study the different tones of bullets as they skim through the air. I caught the pitch of a large-sized mine, yesterday—it was a swell from E flat to E, and as it passed into the distance, and lost its velocity, receded to D—a very pretty change. One of the most startling sounds is that produced by the Hotchkiss shell. It comes like the shriek of a demon, and the bravest old soldiers feel like ducking, when they hear it. It is no more destructive than some other missile, but there is a great deal in mere sound to work upon men's fears. The tremendous scream is caused by a ragged edge of lead, which is left on the shell. In favorable positions of sight, the phenomena can sometimes be seen as you stand directly behind a gun, of the clinging of the air to the ball. The ball seems to gather up the atmosphere and carry it along, as the earth carries its atmosphere through space. Men are frequently killed by the wind of a cannon shot. There is a law which causes the atmosphere to cling to the earth, or which presses upon it with a force, at the surface, of fifteen pounds to the square inch. Does the same law, or a modification, pertain to cannon-balls in flight? I do not remember of meeting with a discussion of the subject in any published work. It is certainly an interesting philosophic question."

ORIGIN OF THE HAT.—We owe the hat, as we owe most of our manufactures, to Asia. It was in Asia that men first learned the art of felting wool, so as to compose the substratum of the fabric. Wool, so long as it contains the natural yolk, or animal grease, refuses to felt—that is, its fibres will not mat together into a compact and close-grained mass, such as constitutes felt. When the yolk has been extracted by a chemical process, the wool has a tendency to interlace its fibres, and to adhere firmly to the union thus formed; and from a very remote period, this secret was possessed by the Orientals. The hats which are constantly alluded to in the Scripture—those, for instance, which were bound upon the heads of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, when they were cast into the Assyrian furnace—were genuine hats, but probably adorned by turban cloths wound about them. I have seen the self same hats—tall, narrow cylinders of gray felt, surrounded by a handkerchief or cloth—on the heads of the Jews of Asia. Nor was the use of the hat a Hebrew monopoly. The Kurds, Persians, Armenians, and some tribes of Turks and Tartars, wear the hat, as their fathers did in Saba's day. The high lamb's wool bonnet of the Persian is but a brilliant hat, with a nap of exaggerated roughness. The Nestorian Christians of Kurdistan, wear hats exactly similar to a battered Irish cap, only of a brown or dirty white color. Throughout the East, the dervishes and wandering fakirs may be known by the tall, narrow hat of light-buff felt, adorned by a gray ray, and towering upwards like a chimney-pot.—Chambers' Journal.

FERRERS.—At the Stockton (Cal.) fair, recently held, a Mr. Atkinson exhibited, in a cage, thirteen of these beautiful little creatures. They were considered a very great curiosity. They were imported from Ohio, and are of the English breed. Mr. A. not long since lost quite a large one by allowing it to go into a squirrel hole. Not returning, he dug down and found it dead, with twelve dead squirrels around it. The little fellow fought like a tiger, but the enemy were too numerous for him.

CHEATING AT CARDS.

The middle class Greek, otherwise called the nomade Greek, because he is ubiquitous, is the connecting link between the high life swindler and him of the vulgar gambling house. But the link is a long one of great extent, and graduates by imperceptible shades into the extremity of this world of freebooters. The nomade Greek rarely does business alone; he enters into partnership with confederates called *comitois*, who are mostly other Greeks, whose talents, fortune, and respectability are on a par with those of their associates. But according to circumstances, and in case of need, these worthy individuals change their parts, and play *comitois* turn about. They have also female auxiliaries, styled *amazon*s, of whom they make the most dangerous use, and who are their steady companions through good and through evil, in prosperity and in dishonor. These creatures, mostly very handsome, attain a degree of depravity at least equalling, if not surpassing, that of their lord and master.

The nomade Greek is far from possessing the ability and polished manners of his corinthian colleague; neither has he that fineness of touch, that delicacy of execution, which renders cheating imperceptible; notwithstanding which, he is very clever in the conception of his perfidies, as well as in the manipulation of the different tools of Greekery. In his hands, cards, dice, and dominoes become formidable instruments. All games, simple or complicated, are made to serve his purposes. Be it whist, bataille, backgammon, or heads and tails, he is ready with the means of turning the game to his own advantage. The dupes of this Greek are as varied as they are multitudinous; he picks them up in every place. For him, nothing is sacred; not even his nearest relations, nor his most intimate friends.

Three Greeks of this class, associated for the exercise of their profession, separated, each in his own direction, in search of dupes. One of them, a young Italian named La Candeur, perhaps on account of his astute address, announced one day to his other colleagues that he had just discovered a young man of good family newly arrived in the capital. This young gentleman was rich, prodigal, and fond of play; in short, everything that could be desired by the three Athenians. The Italian informed them that his provincial friend was going to the opera that very evening.

So plump a pigeon was not to be lost. They immediately arranged their plan of attack, and as soon as all the details were settled, they separated, agreeing to meet at the Academie de Musique. At the appointed hour, the three Greeks were in the saloon of the theatre, and had not long to wait for the youthful capitalist's arrival.

The Italian accosted him, and then presented his comrades under names borrowed from the nobility, after which they walked about, and chatted, until the conversation became so interesting that they remained together the whole of the evening. The three Greeks were excessively amiable; the youth of good family, delighted with his new acquaintances, invited them to supper at the restaurant of the Maison Dorée. The proposition was accepted with pleasure. The repast was worthy of the Amphitryon; nothing was spared to entertain such agreeable guests in suitable style.

To prolong the pleasure of this happy meeting, cards were mentioned; the idea was adopted by acclamation. While the tables were being placed, the three rogues managed to hold a further consultation, and, on La Candeur's proposition, they agreed that, to draw out the provincial, and bring him to high stakes, they would allow him to win at the outset, three thousand francs (six hundred dollars), after which, they would strip him without mercy. The game began under conditions highly favorable to the Greeks. The well-born juvenile laid on the table a pocket-book, which appeared richly furnished. He took from it a five hundred franc note, which he deposited as his stakes.

Fortune, influenced by the concerted trio, favored the young gentleman so constantly that he soon became possessed of the sum that was to serve as the bait.

"Really, gentlemen," he said, stuffing into his pocket-book the bank-notes he had won, "I am almost ashamed of such a run of luck. I even wish that it would change, that you might get your money back again. Voyons! This time I will not stake less than fifty louis."

But scarcely had these words been uttered, when the youth of good family, drawing out his pocket-handkerchief, hastily applied it to his face; his nose suddenly began to bleed.

"Excuse me, messieurs," he said, rising; "I am at your service in an instant. I only ask for five minutes; for this infirmity, to which I am subject, rarely lasts longer."

He went out of the room, leaving his pocket-book on the table.

La Candeur, urged by sympathetic interest, followed his friend, to render assistance; or rather to cut away with him as fast as their legs could carry them; for the wealthy provincial was, in truth, no other than a Parisian swindler, with whom La Candeur had conspired to rob his comrades of three thousand francs. The bleeding at the nose, and the handkerchief stained with blood, were the denouement of the farce whose first act was played in the saloon of the opera.

Let us now peep into the restaurant, and listen to what subsequently occurred there.

"I say, old fellow," said one of the partners, who sat looking at the well filled pocket-book, "chance favors us beyond our expectations. Suppose that we have won the countryman's bank notes; we may as well share them, and take ourselves off."

"Yes," said the other, "but there is a bill to pay before we can leave."

"Mon Dieu! what a simpleton you are! We can settle the bill; the pocket-book will repay us with interest."

"And suppose we were to meet the provincial?"

"Very well; he could not complain of our hastening to give him his pocket-book, which he had forgotten on the table."

"True, I understand; he will be much obliged to us; not a bad idea."

The two rogues called for the bill, remembering the waiters handsomely, and hurried down stairs. At the door, the one who held the pocket-book stopped, and said: "Old fellow, I have another idea; just run up stairs and tell the waiters that we expect our two friends at the Cafe Riche, to continue the game. That will give us time to get out of harm's way with our treasure trove."

As soon as the "old fellow" was at the top of the stairs, his companion made off with the lucky pocket-book.

Now, which of these two diamonds was cut the closer? The pocket-book was full of scraps of paper only; the bank notes had been cleverly hokum-pokused away by the ingenious youth of good family.

DEATH OF A HERO.—Rev. J. F. Mines, Chaplain of the 2d Maine Regiment, now a prisoner at Richmond, in a letter to a friend in Bangor, gives the following account of the death of Wm. J. Deane, son of Col. B. S. Deane, of that city, who was standard-bearer of the Second at the battle of Bull Run:—"Tell Mr. Deane, the father of Wm. Deane, color-bearer of the 2d Maine, who fell in the battle of the 21st, that his son died like a hero. Though sorely wounded so that he could scarcely whisper, he beckoned me to his side—and when I knelt beside him and put my ear close to his mouth, he hoarsely whispered, 'It's safe.' 'What,' said I, 'what, the flag?' He nodded his head, for he could not speak again—and then closed his eyes. I bathed his head with water, and tried to comfort him—but my own heart was full, and I could not speak for tears. That man was a hero. His father may weep bitterly for his loss—but let him thank God for his glorious death."

WASHINGTON AS A SPORTSMAN.

AFTER the peace of 1782, the hunting establishment, which had gone down during the war, was renewed by the arrival of a fresh pack of hounds sent out by the Marquis de Lafayette. These *chiens de chasse* were of great size, and, from their strength were fitted, not only to pull down the stately stag, but in combat, to encounter the wolf or bear, or even to grapple with the lordly lion. These hounds, from their fierce disposition, were generally kept confined, and woe to the stranger who might be passing their kennel at nightfall, should the gates be unclosed. His fate would be melancholy unless he could climb some friendly tree, or the voice or the whip of the huntsman 'come speedily to the rescue.' The huntsman always presided at their meals, and it was only by the liberal application of the whip that anything like order could be preserved among these savages of the chase.

The habit was to hunt three times a week, weather permitting: breakfast was served on these mornings by candlelight, the General always breaking his fast with an Indian corn cake and a bowl of milk; and, ere the cock had "done salutation of the Morn," the whole cavalcade would often have left the house, and the fox be frequently unkenneled before sunrise. Those who had seen Washington on horseback, admitted that he was one of the most accomplished cavaliers in the true sense and perfection of the character. He rode, as he did everything else, with ease, elegance, and with power. The vicious propensities of horses were of no moment to this skillful and daring rider. He always said that he required but one good quality in a horse, to go along, and ridiculed the idea of its being even possible that he should be unhorsed, provided the animal kept on his legs. Indeed, the perfect and sinewy frame of the admirable man gave him such a surpassing grip with his knees, that a horse might as soon disencumber itself of its saddle as of such a rider.

The chase ended, the party would return to the mansion house, where, at a well-spread board, and with cheerful glass, the feats of the leading dog, the most gallant horse, or the boldest rider, together with the prowess of the famed fox, were all discussed, while Washington, never permitting even his pleasures to interfere upon the order and regularity of his habits, would, after a few glasses of Madeira, retire to his bed superlative at 9 o'clock. He always took a little tea and toast between 6 and 7 in the evening.

Washington's last hunt with his hounds was in 1785. His private affairs and public business required too much of his time to allow him to indulge in field sports. His fondness for agricultural improvements, and the number of visitors that crowded Mount Vernon, induced him to break up his kennels, give away his hounds, and bid adieu to the pleasures of the chase. He then formed a deer park below the mansion house, extending to the river, and enclosing by a high paling, about a hundred acres of land. The park was at first stocked with only native deer, to which was afterwards added the English fallow deer, from the park of Gov. Ogle, of Maryland.

The stock of deer increased very rapidly, yet, strange to say, although herding together, there never was perceptible the slightest mixture of the two races.

On the decay of the park paling, and the dispersion of the deer over the estate, as many as fifteen or twenty were often to be seen in a herd.

The General was extremely tenacious of his game, and would suffer none to be killed, till, being convinced that the poachers were abroad, that the larder of an extensive hotel in a neighboring town was abundantly supplied with plump haunches from the Mount Vernon stock, and, indeed, every one seemed to be enjoying his venison but himself, he at length consented that "a stag should die."

MARCOLINI—A TALE OF VENICE.

It was midnight; the great clock had struck, and was still echoing through every porch and gallery in the quarter of St. Mark, when a young citizen, wrapped in his cloak, was hastening home from an interview with his mistress. His step was light, for his heart was so. Her parents had just consented to their marriage, and the very day was named. "Lovely Guilietta!" he cried, "and shall I then call thee mine at last? Who was ever so blest as thy Marcolini!" But, as he spoke, he stopped; for something was glittering on the pavement before him. It was a scabbard of rich workmanship; and the discovery, what was it but an earnest of good fortune? "Rest thou there," he cried, thrusting it gaily into his belt; "if another claims thee not, thou hast changed masters!" and on he went as before, humming the burden of a song which he and his Guilietta had been singing together. But how little we know what the next minute will bring forth!

He turned by the church of St. Geminiano, and in three steps he met the watch. A murder had just been committed. The Senator Renaldi had been found dead at his door, the dagger left in his heart; and the unfortunate Marcolini was dragged away for examination. The place, the time, everything served to excite, to justify suspicion; and no sooner had he entered the guard house, than an evidence appeared against him. The bravo in his flight, had thrown away his scabbard; and, smeared with blood, with blood not yet dry, it was now in the belt of Marcolini. Its patrician ornaments struck every eye; and when the fatal dagger was produced and compared with it, not a doubt of his guilt remained. Still there is in the innocent an energy and a composure; an energy when they speak, and a composure when they are silent, to which none can be altogether insensible; and the judge delayed for some time to pronounce the sentence, though he was a near relation of the dead. At length, however, it came; and Marcolini lost his life. Guilietta her reason.

Not many years afterward, the truth revealed itself, the real criminal in his last moments confessing the crime; and hence the custom in Venice, a custom that long prevailed, for a crier to cry out in the court, before a sentence was passed,—"Recordatevi, del povero Marcolini!" Remember the poor Marcolini!

Great, indeed, was the lamentation throughout the city, and the judge, dying, directed that henceforth and forever, a mass should be sung every night in the ducal church for his own soul and the soul of Marcolini, and the souls of all who had suffered by an unjust judgment. Some land on the Brenta was left by him for the purpose; and still is the mass sung in the chapel; still, every night, when the great square is illuminating, and the casinos are filling fast with the gay and the dissipated, a bell is rung as for a service, and a ray of light is seen to issue from a small gothic window that looks towards the place of execution, the place where on a scaffold, Marcolini breathed his last.

CASE OF SUSPENDED ANIMATION.—A singular case of restoration after apparent death, occurred recently at Albany. A little daughter of Mrs. Wilson, residing on First street, after a sudden relapse succeeding severe illness, apparently died. The body did not stiffen, but every other symptom of death was present. The remains were prepared for the grave, when the supposed dead child screamed, and immediately the functions of life were resumed. Heavy perspiration poured off the body in great quantities, and the pale, marble-like form assumed a healthy red appearance. When the "dead" child screamed, those present, except the mother, became greatly alarmed, and ran out of the room. The mother rushed to the body, enclosed it in her arms, and removed it to a bed in the side room. The family physician was immediately sent for, who applied proper restoratives, and the child is now in a fair way of recovering.

ADVICE TO LEAPERS.—"Look well before you leap!" Very good advice, in its way, but how can sickly-looking people follow it?

WAR JOKES.—SCHOOL DIALOGUE.—How many races are there? Boy—Four; white race, the black race, the copper colored, and the race at Bull Run.

RULES TO BE OBSERVED ON GUNNING EXCURSIONS.

The following hints, at this sporting season, will, perhaps, be of use to some of our young sportsmen:—

Rule 1. Always load your gun when on the cock, by which you lose no time in bringing your piece to your shoulder, a great advantage; and if you possess common caution, you run no risk by blowing your head off while ramming down your charge.

2. When a covey gets up, always fire bang into the middle of it. It's all nonsense about singling out a particular bird; it is easier to miss one bird than to miss a dozen.

3. When you are very desirous of game, instead of shot, fire your ramrod. By this plan you may split three brace at one shot.

4. When you scramble through a hedge, by all means let your gun be at full cock. Caution should be the characteristic of a good sportsman; if you shoot your friend you will be cautious for life.

5. If a single bird gets up on your friend's side, shoot at it by all means. The old system is to fire at those on your own side, which is a losing game; for, if your friend brings down his bird, he bags it; whereas, if you fire also, you have the benefit of the doubt, which is settled by tossing up. Never mind the old gag of its being unfair—the ardor of a sportsman is a good excuse.

6. Never brag of being a good shot. Hold this as a maxim; if for example, you have leave to shoot over a gentleman's grounds, and are successful, which you are pretty sure to be if you follow these rules, and are anything of a shot, send your man home with the game, then call at the house and leave a brace of the birds, being the whole contents of your bag; you will be consoled with, and have unlimited leave to shoot.

7. When you enter a field, hollow and bawl as loud as you can. It will save you much trouble, for you will see at once whether there are any birds there.

8. Always train your dog to chop his bird from each covey. With a good brace of dogs, so trained, and a double-barrelled gun, you can bag more game than any man in the country.

9. Choose your dog of the highest possible courage. By this precaution you can gratify yourself by thrashing your dog whenever you miss without fear of spoiling him.

10. The instant the bird rises, blaze away at him. The reason for this innovation is, that if you miss, you will have time to pitch your hat at him.

HOW TO CLEAN A GUN.—No one should put away a gun without cleaning, not even if it has fired but one shot, that one barrel should be cleaned. First take the barrels off the stock, and immerse them in cold water about four inches deep. Then wrap some stout cloth (tow clings to the barrels and leaves particles in them) about the cleaning rod, so thick that you will have to press rather hard to get it into the barrels; then pump up and down, changing the cloth till the water comes out clear; then pour hot water in them, stopping up the nipples, and turn the muzzles downward. Then put on dry cloth, and work till you can feel the heat through the barrels, and the cloth comes out without a particle of moisture on it. Then put a few drops of clarified oil (made by putting rusty nails into some good salad oil) on the cloth, and rub the inside; rub the outside all over, and then put the gun away.

HOW AN ALBANY PHYSICIAN INSPECTS RECRUITS.—The inspection of recruits, by Dr. Cogswell, of Albany, is performed with amazing rapidity, and in the following manner: The recruit is denuded of all clothing but trousers. "Now stand on tip-toe—raise both hands over your head, close together, palms outward—stretch to full height—now sink upon your haunches—keeping on tip-toe—now at a spring stretch full length again." No man who is defective in point of muscle can go through these postures without showing his weakness. The Doctor then traces gently the chest, and by a peculiar vicety of touch, ascertains the presence or absence of any aneurisms of the large veins or arteries, and a thumper on either lung reveals the condition of these organs. In a half minute the question is settled, and the man is accepted or rejected.

UNSPORTSMANLIKE PISCATORS.—Information having been laid before R. Nettle, Esq., Superintendent of Fisheries, at Quebec, C. E., that two men named Trepanier and Papiilon were suspected of spearing salmon, that gentleman sent two constables to the spot, armed with search warrants. The search was successful, and six salmon were seized which had been speared the previous night—three by each man. Of course they were in the worst possible condition—as thin as wedges, and they looked not only unwholesome, but poisonous; the scales so beautifully glistening in season, being of a dull dark red. The injury done by spearing fish at this season, is said to have been great; we therefore hope that they, the men, not the salmon, will be pickled equal to their deserts, now they have been hooked.

THE SLOW TRAIN CONDUCTOR.—The Oswego folks are having some fun at the expense of a railroad conductor called "Alec." It seems that on the two o'clock slow freight and passenger train from Syracuse, a few days since, were a lady and her son, a youth of good dimensions, the latter travelling on a "half ticket." After innumerable stoppages and delays, in unloading freight, &c., by which the patience of passengers is usually exhausted long before they reach this city, the conductor made his appearance for tickets. Glancing at the past-board received from the boy, he looked first at him, then at his mother, and then at the ticket, and remarked that he was "a large boy to be riding at half fare." "I know," said the lady, "I know he is, sir; but then he's grown a good deal since we started."

A PARALLEL.—In his letter from Europe, describing the panic among the French soldiers at the battle of Solferino, Mr. Raymond wrote: "It was the officers and drivers of a train of ammunition wagons who started the flight. I never saw terror so general and so extreme as it was then. Everybody—soldier and civilian—well and wounded—imagined an Austrian dragon at his heels, and the only anxiety of every one was to save himself." At Manassas it was the same—the teamsters and civilians who were allowed to mix themselves up with the regiments, started the panic.

THE FLAG TO STAND BY.—It is rumored that a gentleman of Troy, N. Y., known to be a loyal citizen, had a secession flag flying from his house. Of course, there was a tremendous hue and cry raised, and an excited party started for the premises. On reaching the house, it was found to be a lady's balmoral, that had been washed and hung from a back window to dry. The husband avowed his determination to stand by that flag as long as he lived, and the effervescent crowd exploded and disappeared. What will he do with the flag still?

BULL'S EYE SHOOTING.—One afternoon recently, Dr. Robt. Harris, of Harrisburgh, Pa., hit a target, the size of a man's hat, six hundred yards distant, three times in succession! This feat was performed in the presence of about twenty reliable gentlemen, all of whom are ready to vouch for its correctness. The rifle used on the occasion, is a new invention, considerably smaller than Sharpe's, and, as witnessed by the above performance, of undoubted accuracy.

TALL STEWENTS.—They mean to raise tall students out in Wisconsin. An exchange paper says: "Its board of education has resolved to erect a building large enough to accommodate five hundred students three stories high."

SEIZE 'EM.—Some genius has conceived the brilliant idea to press all the lawyers into the military service—because their charges are so great that no one could withstand them.

SCENE IN A BARBER'S SHOP.—Young Sicell, (loq.)—"I say, Thompson, do you think I shall ever have whiskers?"

Thompson (after a careful examination)—"Well, sir, I really don't think you ever will—leastways, not to speak of?"

Young Sicell—That's rather hard, for my pap—I mean governor—has plenty."

Thompson, (facetiously)—"Yes, sir; but p'raps you take after your ma?"

Total collapse of Y. S.

CASE OF CONSCIENCE.—Emory Bannister, Esq., late postmaster of Worcester, received the following anonymous note through the post office, dated "Worcester, Sept. 16, '61." The note enclosed a gold dollar:

"Dear Sir:—When you were postmaster, I have reason to think a counterfeit gold dollar was passed to you. Enclosed please find one dollar to cover the loss, and oblige the sender."

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